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MINISTERIAL DIFFICULTIES.

At the time of our writing, the nation is about to be informed by the decision of its representatives whether or not it has confidence in the foreign policy of the Government. If there were no such things as insurrections and wars on the Continent the great majority of the people of England would be contented enough with the Ministry now in power. Its financial measures are approved of even by a portion of the Opposition, and there is no internal question on which it could be attacked with the slightest prospect of success. Its foreign policy, however, has been most unfortunate, and all that can be said as favour of it, as on behalf of the Ministry, is (in Mr. Horsman observed on Tuesday night) that Parliament and the whole country are to blame for it almost as much as Ministers themselves.

The fact is, England is exposed to difficulties that no other State has to contend against in its transactions with foreign Powers. These difficulties arise from the nature of our Government, and also from the fact that on some of the gravest European questions the sympathies and interests of England are at variance. Thus, we should like Poland to be free, but it does not suit our policy to join France in a war against the Powers that hold Poland in subjection; we should like to see Venetia forming part of the Italian kingdom, but we cannot think of taking hostile measures against so useful an ally as Austria; we certainly do not wish the Christian population of



CAPTAIN WINSLOW, COMMANDER OF THE FEDERAL WAR-SLOOP KEARSARGE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DISDERI.)

Turkey to be oppressed, but, at the same time, we find it necessary to prop up the Turkish empire, and to keep the Turks at Constantinople, in order that Constantinople may not fall into the hands of less tractable rulers. Then, policy apart, our Government is obliged to act in accordance with treaties and with the public law of Europe, whereas the sentiment of the country during the last fifty years has undergone a considerable change, and now no longer approves the principles on which those treaties were made.

Besides these difficulties there are those which proceed from our mode of carrying on negotiations. Our diplomacy is neither secret nor open. It is conducted on a mixed system, and in such a manner that foreign Courts, in their transactions with English Envoys, never know whether they are doing business with the English Foreign Office alone or with the English nation as well. They make quasi-confidential communications in speaking or in writing, and soon afterwards find them laid before Parliament for the information of England and the whole world; and, on the other hand, they never quite know whether the communications addressed to them are made bonâ fide or simply in order to look well in the bluebook and to secure a Parliamentary majority. During the negotiations of last year on the subject of Poland, Baron Brunnow went to Earl Russell and held what might have been presumed to be a private conversation with him as to the real intentions of



THE HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: SHOWING OFF THE PONIES.

England. A few weeks afterwards this conversation was made public—to the great surprise, no doubt, of Baron Brunnow. A little later Earl Russell wrote a despatch proposing to Russia the celebrated "six points"—that is to say, calling upon Russia to make to the Poles certain concessions which, for the most part, she had already made. Here was an instance of despatch-writing with a view to popularity in England, and to which it mattered little what answer might be returned. The reply received was as unsatisfactory as well could be, but, in the meanwhile, the English enthusiasm on behalf of Poland had evaporated; no one wanted to fight, nothing could be done without fighting; and the only resource left to those who were enraged at the diplomatic failure—inevitable from the first—was to fall upon Earl Russell. Some of his censors upbraided him with having declared too soon that he did not mean to go to war—with having, so to say, shown his cards to his opponent before the game was over: while others complained that he had delayed that declaration too long, and had thus encouraged the Poles with false hopes. The truth was, that Parliament as a body knew nothing about the position of the Poles, nor about the demands of the Polish insurgents, nor about the likelihood of Russia yielding, in a question of life and death for her empire, to threats alone. Parliament would neither let the Foreign Minister go to work by himself and on his own sole responsibility, nor was it prepared to support him, if, after engaging in negotiations in conformity with its clearly-expressed wishes, he pursued those negotiations to their natural end, and they could only terminate either in virtual retraction or in war. Earl Russell is sneered at now because he had to submit to a rebuff. He would have been execrated had he gone to war, and he would have lost all popularity had he stated in the first instance that he considered it inadvisable (as he must surely have known it to be) to make any representations at all to Russia on behalf of Poland. At the Conference of Paris it was thought imprudent, in regard to the Poles themselves, to bring forward the subject of their grievances; but seven years afterwards no one seems to have imagined that there was the least imprudence in demanding that a conference should be assembled for the special purpose of remedying them.

We have dwelt particularly on Earl Russell's performances in connection with the Polish question because they exemplify the evils of our present diplomatic system far more completely than the negotiations on behalf of Denmark. In the latter case Earl Russell was in earnest, and was representing English interests as well as English sympathies. He would have fought for Denmark could he have got either France or Russia to stand side by side with England; only, by his attitude on the Polish question, first so haughty then so humble, he had alienated both Russia and France. In the Polish affair, Earl Russell was in a false situation from the beginning. He never meant to do anything, and, not to make matters worse for the Poles as well as for himself, should have held his tongue. Parliament, however, would not allow him to do so. In connection with Denmark, he was absolutely bound to interfere, and all that can be said against him is, that he interfered in a rash and injudicious manner, after he had already ruined his diplomatic position. Had the Conservatives been in power, they also would have been forced by opinion, in and out of Parliament, to make representations in favour of Poland, and also would have dissatisfied Russia without satisfying France. The simple truth is, that Europe is out of joint, and, although Earl Russell was certainly not born to set it right, we cannot see that his opponents are any more fitted for the task than he is.

THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA.

CAPTAIN WINSLOW, of the Kearsarge, of whom we give a Portrait on the preceding page, paid a visit to Paris a few days ago, to consult an oculist, when he was entertained at dinner by some Americans resident in that city. The surgeon and purser of the ship were also present; and after dinner a collection was made to erect a monument to the memory of a Federal sailor who has died of the wounds he received in the late action with the Alabama.

The Kearsarge arrived in Dover roads on Wednesday evening. It had been stated in some of the French papers that a successor to the Alabama would probably be in waiting off Cherbourg when the Federal vessel left that port, and that another naval engagement might take place, in which the South would have an opportunity of retrieving its late defeat. No new Alabama, however, seems to have yet appeared; but it is asserted that a steamer, the Jeddo, which left Bordeaux on the 22nd of June, is to take the place of the famous cruiser.

The *Opinion Nationale* asserts that the vessel here referred to will soon reappear, fully armed and manned, and with the Confederate flag flying. Captain Semmes, it is said, is too ill to take the command of her. This duty will, consequently, devolve upon the First Lieutenant of the late Alabama, whose appointment is expected to arrive about the middle of the present month. If the statements of the French papers are to be relied on, there will soon be no lack in the Channel of war-vessels belonging to the opposing Powers. According to those statements, the Florida is already there; the Jeddo, as we have seen, is being got ready; and "The South is probably preparing a display of fresh forces." While, on the other hand, we learn that the Federal steamer Niagara left Antwerp on the 2nd inst. to cruise in the Channel; and that a new Federal steamer, the Macedonian, built upon the same model as the Kearsarge and armed with heavy guns, is expected.

Captain T. Saumarez, R.N., has addressed the following letter to the *Times* in reference to the late naval action off Cherbourg:—

Sir,—Having just returned from Cherbourg, the following account of the Kearsarge, and the damage done to her in her late engagement, may prove of some interest to your naval readers:—

The Kearsarge is a vessel of 1030 tons, and lies very low in the water. Her armament consists of two 11-inch Dahlgrens, four 32-pounders, and one rifled 30-pounder, which she carries on her top-gallant fore-castle. Her engines are of 200-horse-power, working up to 1200, having fourteen furnaces, the staff of which consists of thirty-six stokers, five engineers, and one chief engineer; and I never witnessed engines in more perfect and compact order, or kept more beautifully clean. Her two Dahlgrens throw shell and hollow shot of 138 lb. The gun weighs eight tons, and, owing to the simplicity of the carriage and its slide, is most easily worked. Her officers and crew consist in all of 160. She is very lightly rigged, spars very small, and carries her boats very high above her bulwarks. Her speed is very great, having steamed 12 knots for 48 hours consecutively, and her chief engineer informed me he has got 16 knots out of her. When I boarded her I found she had no

armour-plates or protection of any kind beyond having used her chain-cable, about seventy fathoms on each side, in the wake of the engines, stopped up and down to eyebolts driven in outside the ship, and covered over by very thin planking. I found she had some eight shots in her hull. Two had struck this on her starboard side, and had merely broken the links, but had not penetrated. A shell (3) had entered her starboard main-chains, and exploded close to the 11-inch gun, but only wounding three men, one since dead; one (4) shot took off the top of her hurricane-house, over the engine-room, carrying away her port dead-end in the main rigging. A shot (5) struck her inboard near the mainmast, on the port side, passing outboard, and doing but little damage. A shot (6) struck her under the starboard counter, merely starting a deck plank. A shell (7) struck and now remains two feet above water in her stern-post, which they took off with a piece of painted canvas; and this is all the damage done to her, beyond three shots through her funnel, and her rigging cut up a little aloft. She has not been into her funnel, and she requires it, and need never have gone into port for repairs, dock, nor does she require it, and need never have gone into port for repairs, so little effect has the Alabama's fire had on her. The following account of the action I heard from an old friend, a French Captain, who witnessed every manœuvre from the centre of the breakwater; but I must pre-emptively say that a very strong feeling existed against the Northerners at Cherbourg during the late naval engagement:—The Kearsarge, some days previously entered at the east end of the breakwater, and passed through the west end without anchoring, the Alabama being then at anchor, and anyone could see her outside protection. On the morning of Sunday the Alabama steamed straight out towards her enemy, who steamed down in tack, with the evident intention of forcing the Alabama to attack her on her starboard side, and kept that side towards her during the action, working round in circles. The Alabama's fire was very fast, but very bad, shots going over and over her antagonist, and her shells seemed not to explode. Not so the Kearsarge; nearly every shot told, and they saw terrific explosions from her shells, splinters being plainly visible. The fight in this way lasted one hour and ten minutes, when the Alabama struck her flag. To their astonishment they saw the Kearsarge fire four to five shots after the ship had struck. The Kearsarge then steamed past the Alabama and remained astern, not even lowering a boat till she was in the act of sinking, and it was exactly eighteen minutes from the time the last shot was fired till she sank. The average speed was eight knots during the action. Such is my friend's account. On conversing with the wounded men we heard that the Alabama was very leaky, and sadly required caulking—obliged to use the pumps even at anchor; that her powder was very bad and damp, a quantity of which they threw overboard; that the fuzes to her shell were much the same, and had proved so on former occasions; and that after the first shot had struck the ship she made a quantity of water. The officers of the Kearsarge state they at once lowered their boats and saved seventy-one men. One French pilot-boat saved nine, and another two, men, and the rest the Deerhound saved. In justice to them, I must say that every question was replied to, that we were received in the most courteous and friendly manner, and everything thrown open for our inspection; and there can be but one opinion—the Kearsarge did her work most efficiently, and now remains in the same efficient state.

HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

AT length we have had what horse-dealers and horsebreeders have so long desired, a thoroughly good London show of horses, which is certain to be of annual recurrence, and which, in fact, is likely to become the great national show of the kind in England. This show was opened at the Islington Agricultural Hall on Friday, the 1st inst., and has continued open during the present week. It seems strange to see a horse show in England without a single eminent specimen of racehorses which are actually upon the turf, and it is to be hoped that the success of the arrangements for the present display may induce owners to supply this deficiency next year. So, also, next year we hope to find a special class for the exhibition of our magnificent cart-horses, not a single example of which was to be found in the present collection. In all other respects the show was as perfect as could be desired, and was certainly far more complete than could have been expected from a first experiment. The stalls in which the animals were shown were ample in size and admirable in their accommodation, and the whole length and breadth of the body of the hall was inclosed and filled with tan, so as to form a circus of very great extent for the exercise and exhibition of the various classes.

The thoroughbred stallions were wonderfully good. It would be very difficult to point to one which is absolutely a bad animal. Of course some of them were much better than others; but, taken as a class, they might be pitted against the world for form and general excellence. Nutbourne was there, now a seven-year-old, in full vigour and bloom. Caractacus, too, wisely removed to the stud, attracted numerous admirers. The first prize in the class, however, went to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington's Citadel, a son of Stockwell, and having all the best points of that famous sire. To go through the whole list would be tedious, for upon almost all praise would have to be bestowed.

The roadster stallions were less numerous, but of superb quality. Some of them—as Young Merrylegs and Parlington Buck—had necklaces of medals which they have won in many a well-contested show. Even the most prejudiced believer in the deterioration of our horses would scarcely include this class of animals in his condemnation. It is manifest that if there be any falling off in the quality of the roadsters it does not arise from a deficiency of good sound sires. Those shown at the Agricultural Hall were from all parts of the country and from Ireland, and they were of first-rate quality. Very much the same may be said of the hackneys over fifteen hands. There was, however, rather more unevenness in this class than in those which have been mentioned.

Naturally enough the weight-carrying hunters attracted a good deal of attention. They were numerous and good. Indeed, the apportioning of the prizes among them occupied the judges a considerable time, owing to the difficulty of deciding which were the best animals. The light-weight hunters were all good.

A very interesting, though not a very numerous, class was that of Arabs, Barbs, or other Oriental entire horses. In it we get a pretty good idea of the improvement which, thanks a good deal to our climate, we have been able to make in the breed of horses. The Duchess of Beaufort showed two Barbs, very beautiful little animals, in which it would be difficult to find a flaw. The animals of this class exhibited had a wild, eager sort of look about the head, and were deficient in many of the points which we look for in a good English horse; but still there was a great natural fire and vitality about them, and they are said only to exhibit their best qualities in their native climate. The Barbs are the coarser of the two breeds, but, it is said, are remarkably useful; and of the Arabs, the general opinion was that a fresh introduction of the race into our breeding studs would give strength and stamina. Their own stamina is proved by their longevity, some of the horses exhibited being twenty years old, and still as lively as colts.

The hacks, hackneys, and cobs were too numerous to permit of separate notice. It will be sufficient to say that they underwent a most careful inspection, and were pronounced to be a splendid collection. They did not look to advantage after the stately and symmetrical thoroughbreds or the picturesque Barbs and Arabs; but as they were ridden by the grooms they afforded considerable amusement to the company, especially when a more than ordinarily ambitious rider got a harmless tumble on the tan. The weight-carrying cobs struck us as being especially Britanic and useful-looking animals. They went through their paces in a sober, self-possessed manner, without being in the slightest degree excited by the laughing or cheering of the spectators, and looked as if they could carry any weight, at their leisure, to any reasonable distance.

The inspection of the chargers, although the specimens exhibited were few in number, was exceedingly interesting. The judges hesitated long between two, both of which were ridden by non-commissioned officers in the Life Guards. One of them, a black gelding, the property of the Hon. M. Wingfield, 1st Life Guards, was a beautiful creature, and his rider exhibited some first-rate horsemanship in showing off his qualities to the judges. It was the general opinion that this horse ought to have had the first prize; but the judges differed from the public, and the palm was given to a much coarser and worse broken horse, solely on the ground that he was the younger of the two. The great interest of the inspection, however, lay in the zeal and splendid horsemanship of the two Life Guardsmen, whose riding would have astonished many professed equestrians. In the evenings the carriage-horses in pairs were driven round the ring, harnessed to large, firm horse-breaks, and there was plenty of room for an animated chariot race.

The last class in the show was that of ponies. These were most numerous. But the class was probably more uneven than any other

in the show. Some of the little animals had nothing whatever to recommend them, and it was difficult to understand why their owners should have thought it worth while to enter them. These were, however, few in number, and may very fairly be overlooked in the general excellence.

Hurdles, stuffed with gorse, over 4 ft. in height, were placed at intervals in the arena, and worked upon a pivot, so that there was no chance of injury to either man or horse under any circumstances in the course of the performances gone through to show the qualities of the animals. There were some amusing and awkward contretemps, but the horses as well as the riders bore the palm and came in for the greatest share of deserved applause were the splendid hunters from the stables of Mr. T. Percival and Mr. B. Musgrove. Another interesting and exciting scene was a contest between a number of celebrated trotting horses and ponies; and the admiration of the public was wound up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm when those magnificent steppers belonging to the Duchess of Beaufort and her Grace's competitors in the carriage-horse classes entered the arena and cantered round the circle, and an equal furore was created, especially amongst the ladies, when the large array of ponies were galloped round. The proceedings of each day, so far as public display is concerned, were brought to a close by the general parade of the prize horses.

Our Engravings represent the judging of the hunters and the showing off of the ponies.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* publishes despatches from Algiers which represent that the tribes who held out longest in revolt have all surrendered unconditionally, and that 4000 prisoners are retained by the French commander as a guarantee for their submission.

The despatches published in the *Morning Post* purporting to contain the basis of a new Holy Alliance between Austria, Prussia, and Russia, but which have been declared to be forgeries by the Governments of the two German Powers, are the chief topic of conversation in Paris. It is generally believed that if false in fact they are true in spirit, and that they give a correct view of the tendencies of the Court of Prussia. In connection with the new alliance of the three Northern Powers, which is viewed with much uneasiness by the French Government, a rumour arises that an alliance has been formed between France and the Germanic Confederation. This conjecture probably has its origin in the fact that M. von Bismarck has been entertained by both the Emperor and M. Drouyn d'Lhuys.

NEW ZEALAND.

On April 29 Major-General Cameron attacked the rebels, who held a very strong position, near Tauranga. The assault was unsuccessful; but the enemy, who had suffered severely, abandoned the position under cover of the night. Our loss, together with that of the Royal Navy, amounts to seven officers killed, seven wounded; twenty-one men killed, seventy-seven wounded. The officers killed are—Captain Hamilton, H.M.S. Esk; Lieutenant Hill, H.M.S. Curacoa; Captain R. C. Glover, 43rd Regiment; Captain C. R. Mure, 43rd Regiment; Captain R. T. F. Hamilton, 43rd Regiment; Captain E. Utterton, 43rd Regiment; Lieutenant C. J. Langlands, 43rd Regiment. The officers wounded are Commander Hay, H.M.S. Harrier (since dead, on April 30); Lieutenant Duff, H.M.S. Esk, very severely; Lieutenant Hammick, H.M.S. Miranda (? Curacoa), very severely; Lieutenant-Colonel Booth, 43rd Regiment (since dead, on April 30); Lieutenant F. G. E. Glover, 43rd Regiment (since dead, on May 1); Ensign Clark, 43rd Regiment, severely; Ensign Nichol, 43rd Regiment, slightly.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

The Danish losses in the retreat from Alsen are officially reported to amount to 2500 or 3000, most of them being killed or wounded. It is asserted that 200 Swedish volunteers, who were discovered after the partial clearance of Alsen of the Danes, were refused quarter by the Prussians, and butchered, apparently, in cold blood. The Danes have removed all their troops and war material from the island to Fünen, an attack upon which was believed to be imminent. The Paris journals publish intelligence to the effect that Austria and Prussia are largely increasing the number of their troops in the duchies, and it is reported in Paris that all the Danish islands will be occupied, and that even Copenhagen itself will be attacked.

Jutland has been placed under Prussian administration. The Danish officials and inhabitants have been ordered to obey the Prussian authorities, to whom the customs dues and the revenues derived from other sources are to be handed over. Five Prussian gun-boats attacked a Danish frigate and paddle-wheel steamer off the Isle of Rugen on the 22nd instant, but, after an engagement of an hour, had to discontinue the fight, in consequence of four of their guns becoming unfit for service. This is the Prussian account, and it is added that little damage was done to the Prussian vessels, but that the Danish frigate was hit several times, flames having been observed to issue from her portholes. The frigate slowly withdrew, and the paddle-steamer continued the fight, enveloping a portion of the Prussian gun-boats in a dense rain of shells.

There has been some skirmishing between Danish ships of war and Prussian batteries on the coast.

Prince John of Glücksburg, the King of Denmark's youngest brother, arrived in Berlin on Wednesday, and will, probably, proceed to Carlsbad. The journey of this Prince is regarded, it need hardly be said, as a political event of some significance; indeed, it is asserted that he is the bearer of overtures of peace to the Cabinet of Berlin.

A Copenhagen paper of authority states that a Russian squadron, composed of one ship of the line, three frigates, and two transports, has been equipped at Cronstadt, and that great naval preparations are being made there. It is stated that a Russian squadron of evolution will shortly touch at the Swedish and Danish ports of the Baltic. It is also announced that a Swedo-Norwegian squadron is again about to concentrate in the waters of Gottenburg, where it will take up a position of observation.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have advices from New York to the 25th of June. The reported capture of Petersburg by the Federals was incorrect, that town being still held by the Confederates. On the 16th and 17th Grant's army joined General "Baldy" Smith and Hancock, and dislodged the Confederates from the greater portion of their outer defences, capturing 450 prisoners and four cannon. At four a.m. on the 18th an assault by the entire Federal forces upon the Confederates' inner line was repulsed. A second and third attack at noon and four p.m. met with similar results. The losses of the Federals in these engagements are variously estimated at from 6000 to 10,000 men. The latest despatches from the seat of war, which are up to the morning of the 23rd, state that on the 21st the Federal corps under Hancock and Wright made a move from the right to the left, for the purpose of more closely investing Petersburg, but were confronted by Hill's corps and driven back with much loss. On a reconnaissance being made by the Federals it was found that the Confederates were in strong force in an entrenched line, on which an order was issued for the concentration of the Federal troops against that point, and a battle seemed imminent on the 24th. On the 22nd General Hill passed right through Grant's lines, attacked the second corps in its rear, drove it from its intrenchments, and inflicted a loss upon the enemy of over 3000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Confederate accounts assert that General Hunter has been completely defeated, and that Lynchburg is perfectly safe. The Confederate General Mosby had commenced operations in Hunter's rear, against whom nine brigades had been detached by Lee. President Lincoln visited Grant at

City Point on the 21st. Butler's forces, while engaged in the destruction of the Petersburg and Richmond Railway, were attacked by the Confederate troops and driven off with heavy loss. Fitzhugh Lee and Hampton made an attack on White House on the 21st, which was defeated owing to the arrival of Sheridan with reinforcements and the participation of Federal gunboats. Grant had blockaded the James River below Fort Darling with sunken vessels. He was reported to be moving from before Petersburg to Bermuda Hundred; but no definite knowledge of his movements could be obtained, as authentic information from the army was not permitted to be published. The newspaper despatches, which are vague and contradictory, report that the army was gradually moving by the left to the south of Petersburg, for the destruction of the Weldon and the Lynchburg Railways. On the other hand, Lee was reported as demonstrating against Grant's communications, via James River.

Sherman, on the 19th, reported that Johnston had retired behind the Chattahoochee River, and that he himself was advancing upon Marietta. He afterwards contradicted the statement, and announced that the enemy had drawn in his right flank at Keneshaw Mountain, but still held his positions in the centre and left. His previous despatch was based upon information from his subordinate officers. Sherman further reports that, on the night of the 20th ult., he repulsed the enemy in seven distinct attempts to retake a position previously carried by General Whittaker. Heavy rains had prevented further advance. Confederate despatches report Hooker repulsed with great slaughter in an assault upon Cleburne, of Johnston's army, near Marietta, on the 15th. General Kirby Smith was reported to be marching to reinforce Johnston.

The Senate on the 23rd ult. concurred in the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law by a vote of 22 against 12.

The Constitutional Convention of Maryland had abolished slavery in that State by a majority of 53 against 27.

The meeting of the Democratic Convention, which was to have been held at Chicago for the inauguration of the Presidential campaign, had been postponed from the 4th of July to the 29th of August.

Isaac Henderson, navy agent at New York, and one of the proprietors of an Administration journal (the *Evening Post*) had been arrested upon a charge of defrauding the Government.

The Grand Jury had declined to take action in the matter of the suppression of the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* newspapers, on the grounds of inexpediency.

Five Federal Generals, prisoners at Charleston, having been placed under fire during the renewal of the bombardment, the Secretary of War had ordered five Confederate prisoners of equal rank to be exposed to the Confederate fire among the Federals.

GARIBALDI AT ISCHIA.

A correspondent, writing from Ischia on the 27th ult., gives the following account of the ovations being paid to Garibaldi there:—

The house of Our Lady of Loreto never had so many visitors nor such worshippers as Garibaldi had during the last week. Day after day the crowds have been pouring in from Naples, and from morning till eight o'clock in the evening, when the General goes to bed, he has been bekissed and embraced as never mortal man was before. But I shall give you a better idea of the frenzy of affection and adoration which has manifested itself by describing the events of two or three days. On Thursday last Garibaldi suffered much pain in his foot, the consequence—and not unexpected—of the baths. Eleven more policemen arrived with their superior, and the people were very indignant at a measure which perhaps was intended merely to keep order amidst the general excitement which prevails here. On Friday morning, at four o'clock, Garibaldi was taken higher up the village to the Hotel Bellevue, kept by Zavotta, who was formerly, I believe, courier to Lord Byron. He had scarcely arrived, however, and reposed a little, after his bath, when the multitudes—for it was a fête day—began to pour in, and so they continued to do till late at night. Four steamers, exhausting all the degrees of comparison and leaving nothing for the fourth, arrived early from Naples. Every donkey was taken, and happy they who could get any, for it was what we should call a piping hot day. The house, which has now a large Italian flag bearing the cross of Savoy floating over it, is beautifully situated, commands a magnificent view, and enjoys fine air; and here, on the terraced loggia before it, the General received his visitors. Crowd after crowd they came, for the first and only thought of all on landing seemed to be how to get to the shrine in the quickest possible way. During the day his second son, Ricciotti, arrived from Genoa, and a hearty embrace was given by father and son. By great good fortune, the Genoa steamer, as it passed the island, was approached by a small boat, which took him off and put him on board one of the excursion-steamers, and soon landed him in Ischia. Nothing could exceed the interest in watching the people as they passed in to see the General. Some came in weeping, some pale with emotion, some red with excitement. The looks of absolute devotion on their faces were very touching. There were several, I was told, who had walked eight days and nights to see the General, and who went out they sobbed convulsively, exclaiming, "That great man!" During the day it is calculated that 1000 persons were presented, and Garibaldi kept saying, "No, don't kiss my hand; you kiss the hands of the priests; nor yet my foot," he added, as one man saluted the wounded member; "those who so far bow the back always remain so, and never come straight again." One lady produced an old stocking of Garibaldi's, saying, "Ah! General, I found it in your room; I must have it to keep for ever." He laughed heartily, but gave the much-desired relic. During the whole of the time a fine band was playing, and a most effective scene it was. The air resounded with cries of "Viva Garibaldi!" "Viva la libertà!" "Viva Vittorio Emanuele, the King elected by the people!" followed by enthusiastic cheers. The reception, or receptions, were over by three o'clock, but not the excitement of the people, for in the evening boatloads came over from Pozzuoli, and the islanders came up from Foria and Ischia, and there was music and shouting, and no sleep. On Saturday morning I had a long conversation with the General, who was in bed and was unable to put his foot to the ground. The wound has slightly reopened, perhaps through the action of the baths; but altogether it is going on well, and his general health is excellent. Indeed, he appears to me to be stronger and younger than he was in 1860, on the events of which he dwelt with evident pleasure; but Rome, its occupation by the French, and the presence in it of the Bourbons, were the great subjects of his thoughts. To England he alluded with much affection as the country of a great people and as the especial friend of Italy. Towards evening the people again came crowding up, if merely to look in at the gates. There are crowds, too, outside, and stalls are established over which float pocket-handkerchiefs, reminding one strongly of Manchester, on which is stamped the head of Garibaldi. At the entrance stand sentinels, several of the National Guard, and on the opposite side is their guardhouse, which the police authorities have been trying to get possession of, but the municipal body would not yield it. "A circular has been sent over from Naples," said one of the Nationals to me, "to the effect that a guard of honour could only be accorded to Royalty; but we pay no attention to it. Garibaldi has been sent to us from Heaven, and we will do all we can to honour him."

FINE ARTS.

MR. HERBERT'S FRESCO IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

ENGLAND at last possesses a specimen of mural painting which will make her the envy of Continental cities. After numerous failures—to be attributed to inexperience in the use of the materials—we can at last claim for the British School of Art a work which rivals those of the old masters, and successfully challenges comparison with the best productions of modern genius. The history of the introduction of "the glass-water process" has been too often told to need our repeating it, and we shall only observe in passing how providentially the new method was introduced just in time to render immortal such pictures as Mr. Herbert will give us, but too late to brand indelibly upon the walls of Westminster Palace those daubs which are so happily peeling from the corridors of the House of Commons.

Mr. Herbert's fresco is simply a masterpiece in design, in composition, in drawing, and in colour. It must be remembered, too, that it is a masterpiece of "sacred art"—that solemn and lofty branch of art which requires so many and so great qualifications, and in which, therefore, it is hardly a matter of wonder that we failed so often and so sadly.

It is perhaps only too true that the most fruitful cause of our lamentable want of success in this line must be looked for in the shallow, superficial thought which characterises English painters, with some few noble exceptions. In a review of the works of our earlier masters it is impossible not to be struck with the want of intensity of feeling and loftiness of purpose which they exhibit.

Hogarth, indeed, dipping his brush where Juvenal before him had plunged his pen, drew immortal satires of, and for, a generation which, not understanding, despised him. Yet when he attempted to soar into the regions of sacred art his quick perceptions failed to note how sadly he himself was deficient in the deeper and quieter thoughtfulness without which force lacks direction and fancy borders on burlesque. Even his earnestness when addressed to such grave subjects appeared only exaggerated trifling. The second reason of our failure will be found in the fact that our painters, as a body, have been, some still are, terribly deficient in that elementary knowledge of the human form so essentially necessary to the successful management of pictures of colossal size. These two defects have doomed us to put up with such religious art as Blake, Fuseli, Haydon, West, and a few such others could furnish us.

Within the last fifteen years, however, there has arisen a school, the disciples of which sickening of the triviality, conventionalism, and general inanity of the art of their day, devoted themselves with all the energy, enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice of youth to the task of rekindling the almost extinct altar-fire of thought in the temple of art. This school, with many and grave faults, has yet accomplished its purpose, and, having leavened the entire body of British artists, has virtually ceased to exist as a separate sect. Its past life is traceable in the three classes of painters of which the present British school may be said to be composed—those thoughtful (and wisest) men who have grafted the best points of pre-Raphaelitism on the hereditary Academic training; those weaker vessels who have seized on its most extravagant features; and those who, while striving to ignore it blandly, have plunged deeper into the opposite extreme.

Mr. Herbert must, undoubtedly, be placed in the first of these categories. His work, while it avoids the exaggerated sentiment and studied ungracefulness of the pre-Raphaelite school, is full of the conscientious finish and the strict truth of detail in costume and scenery which characterise the most notable paintings of the present day.

As a specimen of technical skill, his picture is simply a marvel. Too high praise cannot be bestowed on the highly elaborated handling of the flesh and draperies, and the admirable realisation of textural qualities in the soil and rock surfaces as well as in the fabrics. But beyond this technical skill, remain to be wondered at the simple, yet grand and harmonious arrangement, and the elevated and deeply expressive physiognomical exactness to type and sentiment observable in the faces which crowd the picture. There is nothing of scenic, coarse effect in the powerful rendering of the figures. On the contrary, each form, which seen from the end of the hall seems to stand out vividly by the aid of broad and vigorous handling, will at the same time bear the closest inspection. Nay, it is only with the help of a magnifying-glass that half the beauties of its refined and exquisite finish can be detected.

The subject which the artist has set himself to realise is the appearance of Moses before the leaders of the people with the second tables of the law. He stands towards the centre of the picture, his head surrounded by a softly luminous halo of pure white light, his face still glowing with the effulgence which rested on it in his awful interview. In either hand he holds a table of stone, resting in the woven golden girdle about his white robe. Already a few of the chief people have ascended the mount thus far to meet him; but his eyes, not resting on them, look out of the picture into the illimitable future with a prophetic gaze.

Foremost in this group—which, filled with reverence, stands irresolute whether to advance and welcome Moses or retire before the glory of his face—we see Aaron, whose features show that similarity in dissimilarity known as a "family likeness—a subtlety of expression which Mr. Herbert has most cleverly caught. Beside this figure stands Joshua, in whose noble face and heroic bearing we trace the qualities fitted to adorn the future leader of Israel, and a little to the right of him is his father Nun, with a wonderfully painted head, which contrasts well with that of the chieftain next to him, appalled in the rich costume of his people. Behind him again, leaning forward, is seen an Egyptian woman, carrying at her back such a basket as formed the cradle of Moses.

Between Joshua and Aaron are seen the heads of Nadab and Abihu; and beyond, covering the slope of the mountain of Sinai, stretches the assembly of chiefs and leaders, groups of figures which are monuments of constant and careful study. The countless multitude awaiting in silent expectation the new tables of the law fill up the Wady el Lija in the background, and in the distance the blue ranges of the Jebel Es Sura.

In the foreground sits a woman with her children, one of whom is depicted killing a lizard with a thorn of the acacia, the tree which tradition points out as that which furnished our Saviour's crown of agony. A Nazarene kneels beyond, his coloured robe beautifully introduced into the arch of figures which fills the immediate foreground.

In another group to our right, and further from the principal figure, is to be observed the beautiful figure of Miriam. This portion, indeed, contains some of the finest arrangement, drawing, and colour in the whole picture—witness the truthful texture of the Median shepherd's fleecy coat or the gold threads of the female's head-dress, rendered with unwearied fidelity.

Throughout the whole picture the attitudes are graceful, yet natural and unstudied, and the colouring bright, pure, and in every way lovely. Over all is shed the clear, dazzling light of an Eastern evening, shining vividly on the rosy surface of the rocks, and casting soft blue shadows, which tell of distance, without seeming far off. The picture is one of which England may well be proud!

MR. STRUTT'S "BLACK THURSDAY" IN PORT PHILIP.

ONE of the most interesting pictures we remember to have seen for a long time is now on view at the Scandinavian Gallery. Those who have friends in Australia should not fail to visit it, for it realises most thoroughly something of the strange and perilous nature of bush life.

A hot and dry summer in the year 1851 had parched to tinder the luxuriant foliage of the plains, and thus heaped up fuel for a fearful conflagration which broke out on Thursday, the 6th of February (it seems strange to speak of February as a summer month), and, spreading rapidly over the country, devoured everything in its headlong, devastating career. The destruction was appalling; whole stations, with their flocks and herds, and too often with their human inhabitants also, were licked up by the fierce tongue of the flames; escape was almost impossible. When the fire subsided, the once fruitful region over which it had passed was a smoking and blackened desert, which it took many a month of welcome rain to restore to anything like its former appearance. The day on which this fearful conflagration commenced is still remembered in Victoria as "Black Thursday."

Mr. Strutt, the son of the well-known antiquarian and author, having studied under M. Drolling, in Paris (where, we may observe, he carried off the second prize for drawing from 500 competitors), spent some considerable time in our Australian colonies, and chanced to be in Victoria on the occasion which he has taken as the subject of his picture.

A crowd of settlers are represented flying in alarm and confusion before the advance of the flames which fill the background with lurid light and a canopy of driving smoke and glowing flakes and sparks of fire. A flock of sheep, driven by their terrified keepers along a bush road, through a plain covered with long dry grass, has been overtaken by a train of drays laden with household goods, and a wild scene of confusion ensues. In one part of the picture we see an overdriven leading ox has fallen, too exhausted to rise again, although the alarmed teamster is exercising all sorts of savage expedients. Another ox in the same yoke turns half round and eyes the approaching danger with well-depicted terror. In the centre a red-shirted squatter urges on his horse, having only just had time to snatch up his wife before him and fly, ere the fiery ruin was upon him. A faithful black fellow rides after him and carries his master's son behind him. A waggon behind is filled with women; one an aged person in infirm health has been hastily borne from a bed of sickness and lies propped with pillows; there is a calm resig-

nation in her face which contrasts well with the alarm shown in the surrounding countenances. Other women, less fortunate, are compelled to seek safety on foot, and hurry along, shrieking as they go. To our left, a number of frightened oxen and horses burst through the huddling flock, one of whose shepherds is thrown down and maimed in the melée. To our right, a flock of kangaroo bounds away through the dried grass, and overhead spreads a flight of various birds. But these wild creatures do not all escape. Exhausted by terror and already weakened by the long drought which has covered the plain with the skeletons of famished animals—some are to be seen in the foreground—many of the fugitive beasts fall down on the path to become a prey to the flames—kangaroos, opossums, and bright-hued birds strew the road along which the crowd is pressing. That road has been already traversed by the flying; for we see it covered with household goods cast away to lighten the drays. Among them is a parrot-cage, the unhappy prisoner instinctively striving to escape the coming danger, and vainly beating against the bars in the direction of safety.

The drawing of the figures is beyond praise, while the colouring is truthful, yet bright and pleasing; for Mr. Strutt evidently understands the value of colour, as we can see by the bright and telling points—in the plumage of the birds, for instance—which he distributes over his canvas. The animals are very spiritedly drawn, and the composition and arrangement deserve considerable commendation; for we have crowding and movement given without confusion or exaggeration. The painting is highly finished, the details well put in, and the incidents varied and full of interest.

The fidelity with which Mr. Strutt has adhered to local characteristics, his skill in the drawing of the figure, and his careful colouring combine to realise very thoroughly to the spectator all the horrors of the scene. It is almost impossible to refrain from speculating with a nervous anxiety on the chances which the various groups and individuals have of ultimate escape from the awful and imminent destruction which pursues them.

THE FRENCH UNIFORM IN ALGERIA.

WHATEVER may be the rigour with which the French War Office regards the maintenance of integrity in the uniforms of the army, and there is reason to believe that in this respect French commanding authorities are less obstinate and more intelligent than our own, they cannot preserve the regulation dress amongst the troops in Algeria. Under that penetrating sun the most intense European colours fade and whiten until it becomes necessary to turn a tunic or a pair of trousers in order to preserve them from becoming a neutral tint, while the duties of the men are so arduous and constant that the buttons and buckles, which would glisten like silver on the boulevard or at Chalons are incriminated with a thick coat of verdigris, the straps and sword-belts being cracked and tanned brown with the parching heat. It is difficult to imagine the daily labour and frequent suffering which the French troops undergo now that they are on active service, but it may well be believed that their costumes necessarily adapt themselves to the climate and the circumstances, and sometimes present a disorder against which even general orders are altogether powerless. Our Engraving represents the uniform of a French officer on duty, and while the long gaiter boot and the rest of the bodily attire will pass muster the whole rebellion against the merely useless claims of red-tape directions may be found in the hat, which is simply the Arab straw hat—thick, broad, and nearly sunproof—almost universally worn by the native horsemen. These hats are amongst the most striking objects, even when they appear in the streets of Algiers, intermingled with the bournous-covered wayfarers or jostling the turban of the Turk, the goat-skin pitchers of the oil-carriers, and the white broad-brims of the colonists.

TYPES OF THE PEOPLE IN ECUADOR.

WE have already published some description of the mode of life amongst the people of Mexico and the nature of the country which has for the last two years acquired such interest in Europe. Our Engraving this week represents the people who, although territorially separated from Mexico, possess similar habits, and, in many cases, have a common origin. Ecuador is that Republican State of South America which, as its name implies, lies under the Equator, extending along the coast of the Pacific from the mouth of the Patia to the Bay of Guayaquil, and south-eastward to the Cordillera, whence the boundary follows the great river Marañon to the wilds of the interior, in the same way as it may be traced eastward down the stream of the Japura into the boundless forests.

Here, as in Mexico, the traveller may find every variety of climate: the *tierras calientes*, those lone tracts, where the heat is altogether insufferable; the *templeadas*, where the cool winds blow, 6000 ft. to 9000 ft. above the level of the sea; and the *frias*, or cold districts, extending from the upper limits of the temperate range to the borders of the *paramos*, those deserts of cold, lying between the elevation of 11,000 ft. and the *nevados*, or heights of perpetual snow.

These are the general features of the States which lie in the Cordillera of the Andes and in the territory of Ecuador. The population chiefly occupy the hollows of the mountain ridge, the declivities on the west and east being covered with dense and almost impenetrable forests, which occupy the mid-region between the temperate heights and the vast and periodically arid plains below—the llanos—which resemble the pampas and savannahs of other regions.

The enormous variety of animal and vegetable life which distinguishes the other countries of this region is perhaps even more surprising in Ecuador, while the vast forests of timber and incredible quantities of tropical fruits almost absolve the less enterprising of the inhabitants from the necessity for any severe labour. The low lands of the State, however, are often extremely unhealthy; and life on the seacoast is rendered miserable by the incessant stings of flies and insects, while venomous reptiles swarm in the tangled underwood on the banks of the streams. Fish of many kinds are exceedingly abundant along the shore; but, owing to the great heat of the climate, they are of little value to the inhabitants. They serve, however, to feed myriads of birds, some of which come daily for miles to feast on the shellfish washed up by the tide. It may be believed that few Europeans select the coast for a residence, since they may, if they have a choice, repair to a temperate and to an almost unvariable climate on the plain of Quito, 9300 ft. above the sea, where they may live in a perpetual spring, with very frequent showers of rain it is true, but only such showers as serve to refresh the clear atmosphere and to brighten the blue of the sky. In the rainy season the country round Guayaquil is to a great extent inundated, after which it remains for some time a pestilential marsh, breeding multitudes of insects and noxious reptiles. From these Quito, like the elevated valleys, is exempt; but it has one slightly-counterbalancing disadvantage in being subject to earthquakes, of their liability to which the inhabitants are reminded by the ground gaping in deep cracks, by some tottering buildings, and several monuments of former ruin. Such are the comparative pleasures of a residence at the capital, however, that Quito (the town which is situated on the plain of the same name) has a population of about 80,000.

Of the population of Ecuador, the Peruvians—that is to say, the aboriginal red race speaking the Quichua or some cognate language—form more than half, while the rest consists of negroes, mulattoes, mestizos, zamboes, and whites, the last being but a small minority, while the negroes are also comparatively few, and live chiefly on the coast. The little maritime towns of Esmeraldas, Rio Verde, and Atacames, are peopled almost entirely by zamboes, that mixed breed of negro and Indian blood which is said to inherit all the vices of both parent stocks. The rivers of Ecuador, from the Amazon to the Japura, the Putumayo, the Almarica, the Coca, and the Napo, are for the most part rapid torrents quite unavailable for purposes of internal communication, and not to be navigated to any distance except by Indian canoes or very light boats. The communication by post between the various settlements of

the interior on the banks of the great river, is, or was until lately, carried on by means of Indians, who, with the packet of letters tied in a handkerchief round their heads, swim for 300 or 400 miles, assisted only by a "balsa," or light wooden float, which supports them in descending the rapids. The entire population of Ecuador is about 600,000, and men of all races are declared to be politically equal, religious liberty, freedom of the press, and the principle of election to office having been established by law.

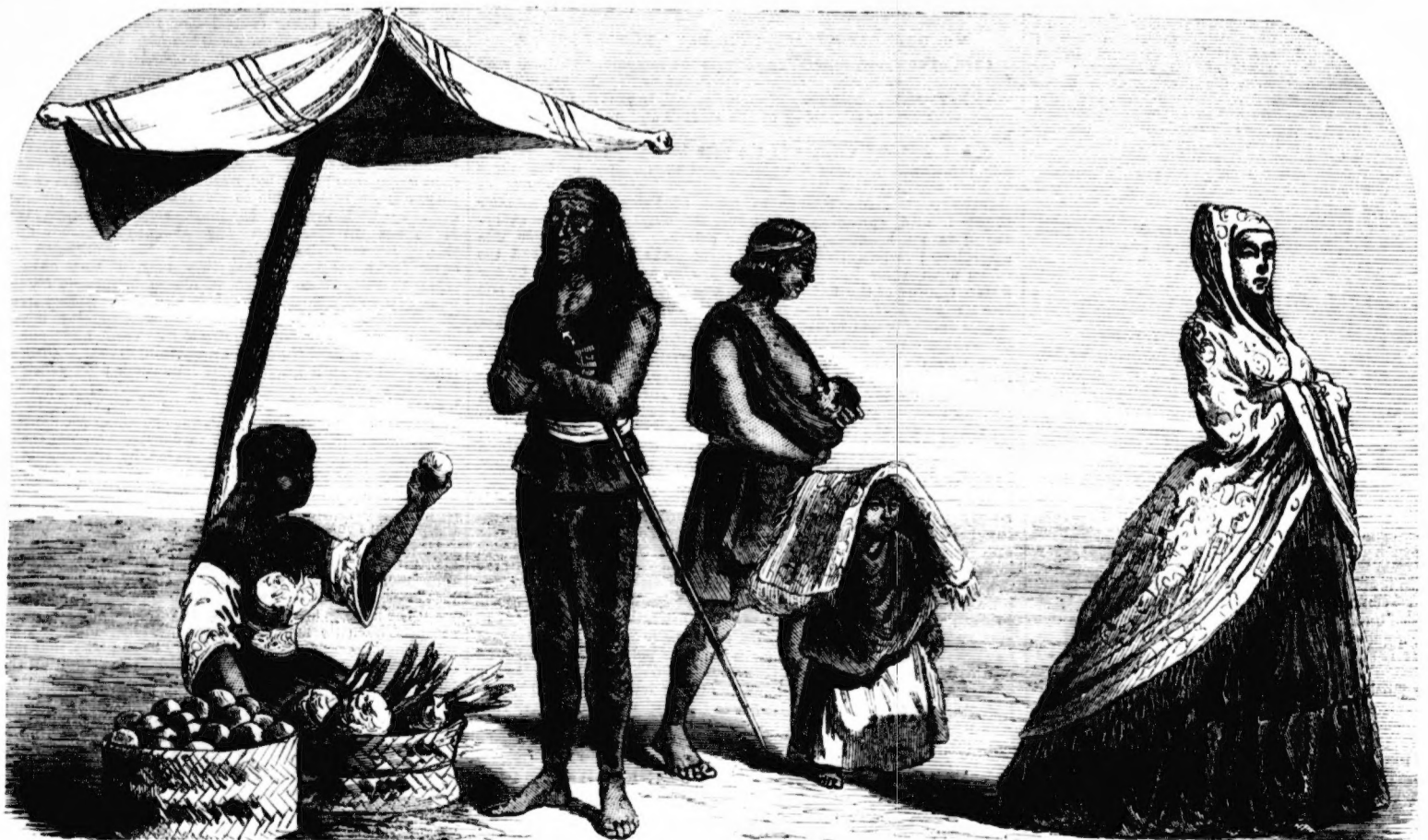
It may readily be believed, however, that the whites, or Spanish creoles, though numerically weak, are the aristocracy of the country, in consequence of their superior education and intellectual attainments; but the native race are gradually improving, and, it is said, lead purer and more moral lives than many of their superiors, so that their influence is gradually extending, and the power of the State must necessarily pass into their hands. It must be remembered, too, that the original Peruvians were a cultivated and even a highly educated people, who had made considerable progress in various branches of knowledge under the care of the Incas; that seminaries existed for the instruction of the young nobility; and that the subjects of education were a knowledge of the laws and of their administration, the proper use and construction of the language and the mysteries of the *quipus*, an instrument consisting of a cord of various coloured threads, from which numerous other threads depended, their different colours denoting both material objects and abstract ideas. With this wonderful mnemonic instrument arithmetical calculations were made with facility, and they were even used as a sort of historical concordance for the remembrance of public events. When to these special branches of education were added general instruction in agriculture, and some knowledge of astronomy, geography, and some fine arts, the native Peruvian may be allowed to have descended from a race capable of receiving and profiting by increased facilities for advancement. The costumes of the people of Ecuador are not at all different from those of the inhabitants of Peru, and in both territories the various races are distinguished by the fashion of their garments. In the market-places, the dealers in fruit and vegetables—indeed, almost all the small dealers—are Indians, and nearly all of them are women, who sit under small canopies or large umbrellas, which shade both themselves and their wares from the rays of the sun. Beside the morality of their lives, the Indians are often remarkable for a peculiarly serious reserve, utterly unlike the chattering gaiety of the

people in the islands of the Pacific. There can be no doubt of their intelligence; but this almost gloomy reserve may be a characteristic attributable to their former sufferings and depressed condition. Even their songs and music have a touch of melancholy in them; and the dresses of both men and women are in accordance with their staid character. The men usually wear a coarse cotton shirt, brown trousers which cover only the calf of the leg, sandals of untanned leather, and occasionally a dark poncho of llama wool. The women are generally clad in loose gowns of a dark colour, without sleeves, girded at the waist, and reaching only just below the knee. Their arms are covered with sleeves apart from the gown, reaching from the wrist to one or two inches above the elbow; and some loose drapery often hangs down from the neck. The dress of some of the Indian tribes in remoter districts consists only of a sort of cloth tunic and a skirt, while their bodies are painted with balsams to preserve them from the bites of venomous insects. The costume of the ladies of Quito is similar to that of the Spaniards, their skirts being of the orthodox expansion, and their toilet effected with perfect taste and accuracy. In the promenade a handsome shawl formed into a sort of hood frequently takes the place of the Spanish mantilla. The creoles are, as we have already said, less scrupulous in their habits, and are even surpassed in general ability by the mestizoes, who are the children of white fathers and Indian mothers; and this race, who are eminently handsome, and but little removed in general appearance from the white population are gradually increasing both in wealth and influence.

It is, however, not in the low lands or on the seacoasts—where the heads of the children must be guarded from the sun by a head-dress such as that represented in our Engraving—that the greatest variety of costume is to be found. Almost all degrees of these mixed races, with their separate peculiarities, are represented at Quito. The town bears the name of what was once the title of the whole province and part of the Viceroyalty of Peru till 1564, when it was made a separate presidency. In 1717 it was annexed to New Granada; but, after the revolution, which broke out in 1809 and continued nearly thirteen years, it was united in the Republic of Columbia. The three States, however, of which it formed one—the others being New Granada and Venezuela—could not agree, and therefore, in 1831, wisely consented to separate, each bearing its share of the Columbian debt; and Quito, with its associated provinces, taking the name of Ecuador.



FRENCH OFFICER OF THE ARMY OF ALGERIA IN CAMPAIGN DRESS.



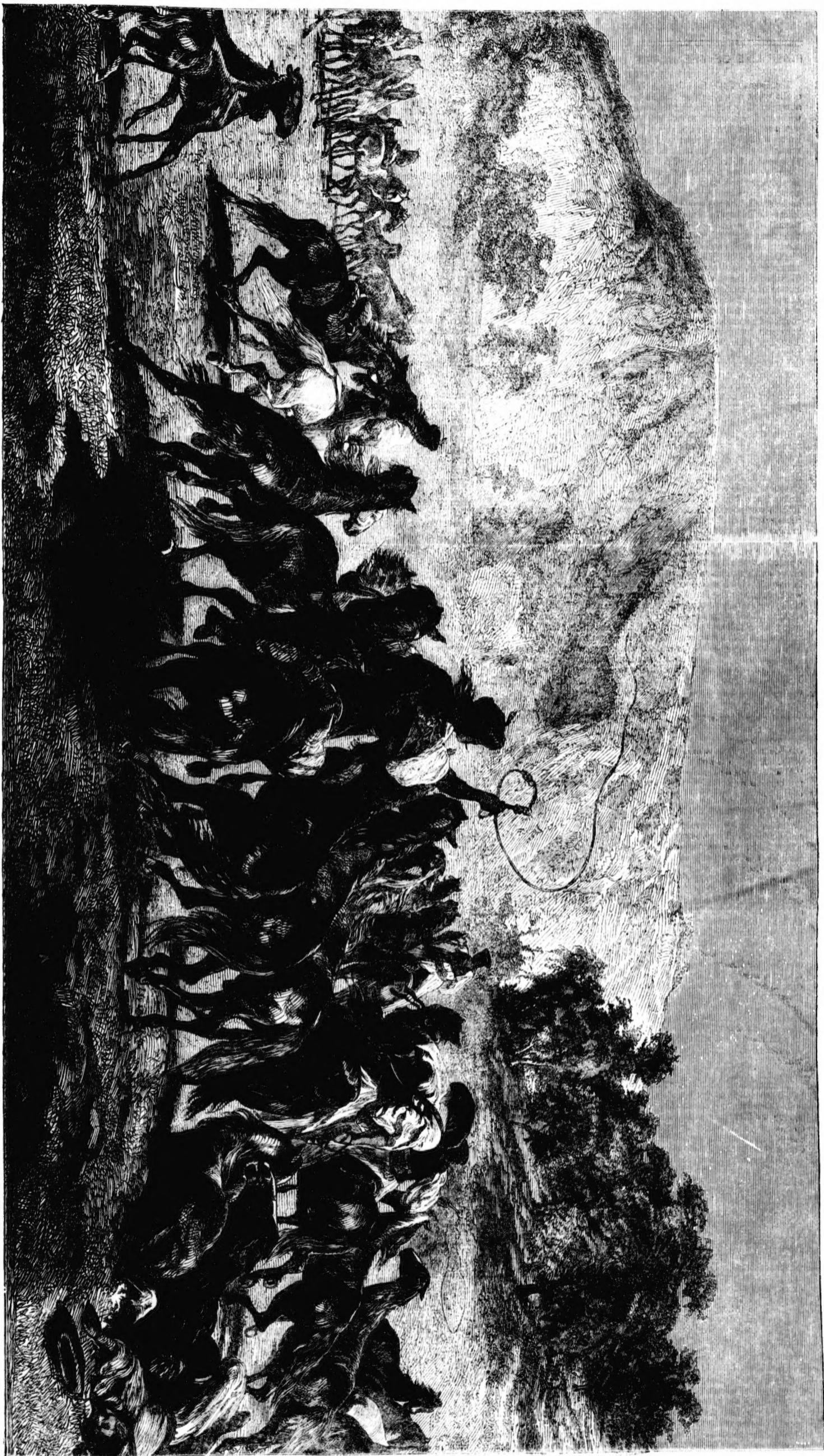
INDIAN FRUITWOMAN.

ZAMBO MAN.

ZAMBO WOMAN.

LADY OF QUITO IN WALKING DRESS.

PEOPLE OF ECUADOR.



CAPTURING WILD HORSES IN HUNGARY.

HORSE-HUNTING IN HUNGARY.

NEXT to the excitement of leasong the altogether wild steeds of the South American prairie, there are few more fascinating sports to the bold rider than to join in an excursion with the Cziks of the great plains of Hungary for the purpose of driving in the roaming herds of small, wiry horses which have become wild during their rambles, and have to be captured afresh, with their queer, little, ungainly colts, after a long enjoyment of liberty.

Besides the smaller plain which lies on both sides of the Danube between the Bakonywald at the bend of the river and the little Carpathians,

with an area of something like 4200 square miles, there are the two great tracts of the interior, the most central of which is traversed by both Danube and Theiss, extends to an area of 21,000 square miles, and rises 300 ft. or 400 ft. above sea level. In these tracts, amidst scenery and people strangely wild and picturesque, nearly a million horses, beside vast flocks and herds, roam in the most nomadic fashion, and it may easily be supposed that the animals return very rapidly to a primitive condition. In the same way, great troops of horses are found on the plains on each side of the River Don—horses which are really the descendants of the animals employed at the siege of Azof in 1699, who, when they had eaten up the stocks of provender, and there was no more to be had, were turned adrift to shift for themselves. One might suppose that animals descended of a

race which for centuries had depended on man for protection would rapidly dwindle and die out when driven into the wilderness and left to support themselves as best they could; but Nature, from whom they had been so long estranged, took to them kindly; jaded old troop-horses and beasts of draught, their backs saddle-galled and their sides rubbed bare by the familiar harness, rejoiced at their liberty; and by the time that their iron shoes were worn off he must have been a bold man who would have attempted to mount one of them.

These semi-wild animals are distinguished by the Cossacks from the really wild horse, and are highly prized for their mettle and swiftness. The horse of the Hungarian plains is swift and mettlesome, but, at the same time, is small and weedy-looking; then, again, it is seldom that the

herd is allowed to remain for a length of time sufficient to enable them to resume their wild condition. They are generally brought in not without considerable trouble, but without the use of the lasso: the long-lashed, short-stocked whip of the Hungarian rider being sufficient to collect them into a troop and to gallop them away. It may be readily believed, however, that none but a practised horseman could keep the saddle in such a wild gallop: and it sometimes happens that even a Cziko comes to grief, in which event he is generally able to pick himself up and overtake his companions, who, in their picturesque costumes, and with their tree, like figures seated in the midst of the tossing manes and clattering hoofs, present a spectacle singularly in keeping with the wild and rugged scenery with which they are surrounded.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 243.

A VICTORY.

Mr. Dodson's Oxford Tests Abolition Bill came to grief on Friday night week in a singular and, as far as we know, an unprecedented manner. The promoter of this measure had cleverly and successfully navigated his craft to within sight of land; but there, alas! it got amongst breakers, and was wrecked and lost. The case was this:—On Friday night the measure was upon the paper for third reading, and it was known, indeed it had been arranged, that on this stage a division would be taken. But before the Tests Bill there were many other measures of more or less importance, notably Supply, for one, which would of itself take up several hours, and so most of the members went away, the majority of them pairing, but some few without pairs. "Pairs! what's the use of pairing?" The House will keep in Supply till twelve, and we shall be back before then." It was not, however, so to be. At eleven not only had all the items in Supply down for the night been voted, but all the other measures which stood before Mr. Dodson's bill had been passed, and the Oxford Tests Bill was called. Fortunately for the opponents of the measure, there was one of their number in his place—to wit, Sir William Heathcote, the member for the University of Oxford. He had given notice of a motion that the bill be read that day three months: was therefore to lead the Opposition, and he, turning his back upon all the allurements of friends, had stuck to his post. And so, when the motion was made that the bill be now read a third time, Sir William rose and interposed his amendment, and made a speech thereon. But Sir William had no supporters. Lord Robert Cecil was not there; in short, no one prepared to speak was there to continue the debate, except the friends of the bill. And they, seeing a triumph within reach, wisely held their peace, and the division was called, and the amendment of Sir William was defeated by a majority of ten: For the amendment, 140; against it, 150; and great was the joy of the supporters of the bill thereat.

A TIE.

But their joy was not of long continuance—was, indeed, soon turned into sorrow; for, when the doors were opened, Lord Robert, "fiery-red with haste," dashed on to the scene, and, seeing how matters stood, determined if possible to retrieve the ground lost and turn the enemy's victory into defeat. Just then, too, Colonel Taylor, the indefatigable whip of the Conservative party, arrived, and Mr. Whitmore, his active lieutenant; and while Lord Robert was pouring forth his diatribe against "indecent haste" and "snap divisions," amidst loud approving cheers from his friends and indignant cries of "Divide! divide! divide!" of his foes. The chief whip and his sub. sent scouts to the Carlton for the men lingering over their wine there. "Haste, haste, gentlemen, haste! You are wanted at the House!" cried the scout in the dining-hall of the club; and straightway every hansom within call was engaged, and in five minutes a whole cohort of Conservatives, stanch and true, were mounting the stairs and rushing across the lobby. And it was time; for already another division had been called, and the Sergeant-at-Arms stood with the door in his hand, ready to close it when the rising of Mr. Speaker should tell him that the sand in the two-minute glass had run out. Nor was Mr. Brand, the Government Whip, less active. He dispatched a messenger to the Reform—not, however, with the same success; for whilst thirty men answered the call of the gallant Colonel, only twenty were to be found at the Reform. And so it happened that on this second division there was a tie, 170 voting on each side.

A DEFEAT.

And now what was to be done? How will Mr. Speaker give his casting vote? For the bill or against it? Now, here we must interpose a word or two of explanation. It is generally supposed outside that when a bill is read a third time it is passed and done with. But this is not so. There is still another question—namely, "That the bill do now pass." Usually this motion is not contested—not once in a Session on the average; but it is quite within rule to contest it, and to divide upon it; and, this being so, Mr. Speaker gave his vote for the bill, "in order," as he said, "to give the House itself an opportunity to divide," either to confirm or reverse his decision. If he had voted against the bill there would have been an end of it, but by voting for the bill he got rid of all responsibility. Thus, then, the matter stood. The bill had been read a third time by the Speaker's casting vote, and now the question, "that the bill do pass," was put and the fight was renewed. Here, then, was a *nodus*. The Liberals despaired of getting another vote. The Conservatives thought that at least one more might arrive if they could but postpone the division for a time. But who can speak in such a row as this? Mr. Neate, a friend of the bill, had essayed the task, but was literally driven back into his seat exhausted by the pitiless pelting of the storm which assailed him. The Conservatives, however, found a man equal to the occasion—to wit, Mr. Thomas Collins, or Tom Collins as he is familiarly called, the eccentric member for Knaresborough. This gentleman was not in the first division, nor in the second. He had rushed in just as the doors had opened after the second, and at once, either with or without hint given, sprang to his feet. A burst of cheers from the Opposition greeted him; a burst of groans assailed him from the other side. Him, however, no storm can put down or even dismay. Whether men will hear him or not is no matter. If need be, he will be sure to hold his ground till the signal be given. And this he did for ten minutes or more, the House raging like a hurricane around him the while.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The arrival of Mr. Collins gave the Opposition a majority of one; but this would not do, for close to the door stood Captain Stackpole, who intended to vote for the bill. This gentleman was paired till twelve, and his pair was absent. It now wanted about two minutes to twelve; and before the question could be put and the door shut the gallant Captain would be able to vote. Anxiously the gallant Captain looked at the slow-crawling hand of the clock. At last it crossed the point, and in he sprang, and thus balanced the vote of Mr. Collins and made a tie again. "Tom Collins, then, must talk on a little longer." "Oh, talk on! he'll talk for half an hour if you want him. But hark! there's a footstep upon the stair; by Jove, it's one of our fellows; and here comes another; that gives us two majority; we shan't mend that." And so the signal was given, Tom dropped into his seat, Mr. Speaker arose to put the question, and the sand-glass was again turned. But now comes the anxious time, for whilst the sand is running out other members in favour of the bill may arrive. The Government whips stood at the door hoping; the Opposition whips, fearing. Meanwhile the sand slips down, and at length the last grain is through. Mr. Speaker rises, the door is shut, and, no one having arrived during those two minutes, the Opposition has a majority of two—173 voting No, and 171 Aye—and the bill is lost. To describe the scene inside while all this was going on is impossible. No reporter, poet, or painter could do that. It was confusion of discordant sounds worse confounded. There were peals of laughter, frantic cheers, cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Divide, divide!" and once we heard the cry of "Bow-wow-wow!" clearly above all.

LIBERALS AND TORIES FACE TO FACE.

Our readers will perhaps wonder that this bill of Mr. Dodson should excite so much feeling; but let them reflect for a moment, and then, if they have read history aright, they will wonder no more. This bill proposed to compel the University of Oxford to grant degrees without requiring the candidates to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles. Here, then, modern Liberalism and old Toryism stood front to front—the one assailing, the other defending, an ancient ecclesiastical fortress. Some may think that it was a fight between the Church and Dissent, but it was much more than that; indeed, it may be questioned whether the Dissenters were, except by a few members, much thought of in this battle. It was rather a fight between two parties in the Church—the new school and the old school; or, as we phrased it, Old Oxford and Young Oxford. Old Oxford, which wishes to keep the human mind bound in mediæval fetters; and Young Oxford, which says, "loose it and let it go;" in fine, "to think or not to think," that was the question; whether it is better

to keep the mind tethered down so that it can only think in a small circle—as cows are tethered in a field—or to break the tether and allow it to expatiate freely throughout the boundless regions of thought? This was the question at issue; and if our readers will remember how from of old passion has always raged most fiercely in discussions which involved the power of the Church over the human mind, they will cease to wonder that so much bitterness was imported into this. It will be seen that Gladstone voted against the bill. He would have voted for it if its promoter would have consented to introduce a clause to exclude those who refused to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles from Convocation. But this Mr. Dodson refused to do; and for this, amongst other reasons: by so doing he would have shut out many good churchmen from the ruling body, for it is not to be doubted that if the bill were to be passed many churchmen, some of the best of them, would decline to subscribe. The bill, then, is lost. Yes, for a time. But this is not surprising; the wonder is that it should have been so near passing.

STREET MUSIC.

And now, having disposed of this business, our readers will naturally suppose that, as it was past midnight, we immediately shut up shop and went to bed. But, alas! it was not so, for on the paper there stood Mr. Bass's Street Music Bill, and we got on to that, and for two hours and more we had another row, not so fierce and exciting as the last, but ten times more absurd. This bill of Mr. Bass's is a very simple affair, and ought to have passed without notice. It does not make a new offence. All it does is to give the police sufficient power to repress one already recognised by the law. But no sooner did it appear on the paper than up rose a host of impugners ready to do battle, and, if possible, to stop its progress. Notably on this occasion there was the City Solon, Mr. Hankey. He advanced the strange doctrine that to drive away a discordant brass band or a droning hurdy-gurdy from under a dying man's window, that he may die in peace, is a tyrannical infringement of the rights of the subject. There was also Mr. Ayrton; and he, too, opposed the bill. But then the hon. member for the Tower Hamlets, in a certain mood of mind, will oppose anything. His nature is essentially destructive. He never sees a bill but incontinently he desires to pick a hole in it. He, too, got into a fog, and in his fear for the rights (rights to obstruct the streets and annoy the inhabitants) of "wandering brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles," &c. (as Dickens puts it), these men being not subjects, but, for the most part, foreigners. He was quite oblivious of the real rights of his sober, peace-loving constituents. Of course, too, Mr. Whalley was there, for when was there ever a row in the house but the member for Peterborough turned up? But we must pause, for we have other matters to attend to. Suffice it to say, that for two hours again we had a babel of confusion of tongues and nonsense talked that surely never were paralleled before, except, it may be, "in the jumbled rubbish of a dream." Mr. Bass got his bill through, though.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

And now for the great fight. But on this subject we must be short, postponing a fuller description to next week, when the battle will be over and the result known. Before we notice specially the fight, let us take a glance at the lists and the spectators around. You see all, or nearly all, the members are present. What is the number? Nearly 600 we should say, for you will observe that every seat is occupied, and, moreover, there is scarcely a foot of standing-room anywhere to spare. When the house was thus filled, Mr. Disraeli, the challenger, emerged through the front door. He generally comes earlier, and almost always goes round the division lobby and enters the house by the back door, close to his seat; but to-night he was somewhat late, and walked straight up the house. A burst of cheering from his party greeted the right hon. gentleman, and continued till he had taken his seat. We suspect that this was all according to programme. Disraeli is a great actor, and loves, as all who have read his books well know, dramatic effect. Soon after Disraeli entered Lord Palmerston appeared, but he came in by the usual way at the back of the chair. His supporters, though, caught a sight of him, and they, too, loudly cheered their leader—not so vociferously, however, as the Conservatives applauded theirs. The gentlemen of her Majesty's Opposition are far better cheerers than their opponents. There are more country gentlemen amongst them, who, from being more in the open air and having had much practice at hallooing by the woodside, have louder voices and tougher lungs than merchants and traders.

NOTABLES PRESENT.

And now, having introduced the two principal combatants in this fight, let us just for a moment glance round at the spectators. And, first and foremost, please to notice the gentleman with the lofty forehead and dark beard, and strongly-marked features, sitting in the middle of the Peers' bench, on the left hand of the Speaker. "Why—why, that must be Tennyson?" Yea, even so. It is the great bard himself. A little while ago he was seated, jammed and uncomfortable enough, at the back, talking to Mr. Gladstone's son; but the Sergeant-at-Arms discovered him and promptly brought him forward, and there he sits amongst the Peers, himself, though uncoroneted, the noblest Peer of all. We have never seen him here before. The gentleman at the end of the same bench is Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. He is by no means an unfrequent visitor. But, how changed he has become of late! poor man, he has had to encounter sorrows and afflictions which have ploughed deeply into his soul, and have furrowed his countenance and made him look an old man. All the rest of the occupants of this seat are peers, but not one of them requires notice from us. On the other side of the house we observe one personage amongst the Peers there whom we must not pass over—to wit, Earl Russell. His Lordship has seldom been to the House of Commons since he was translated to the Upper House. He has had an anxious time of it in the Conference; nor is this conflict calculated to soothe and quiet his spirits, for the vote of censure, though embracing the Ministry as a whole, is, as we all know, especially aimed at him. Still he looks well enough; better, we think, than he did when he left the Commons. Whilst Disraeli was speaking we had an opportunity of watching the countenance of the noble Lord, and were curious to see whether he would wince under the caustic assaults of the Conservative leader; but the noble Lord gave no sign of being hit; nay, more than once, when specially alluded to, instead of wincing he smiled a quiet smile. Two reasons may be given for this. First, Disraeli has, in a great measure, lost the power of wounding his foes. He has the will, but the art is gone, and now when he thinks to inflict a wound he often provokes a laugh. And then, secondly, think of the force of habit. We have read of a martyr who was compelled to lie upon a bed of pointed spikes. Well, at first his sufferings were very great; but in course of time his skin hardened, and he could rest even on this couch without pain. And by habit and custom our officials gradually get thick-skinned, and at last they become so case-hardened that no weapon can touch them, and, like Job's monster, they laugh at the shaking of the spear. Lord Derby was not present. He, poor man, whilst his political friends are trying to burden him with the cares of office, is suffering under a sharp attack of his old enemy the gout; but Earl Granville was there, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and in the Ambassadors' Gallery the broad, handsome face of the Commander-in-Chief shone conspicuous. Of ambassadors, secretaries, and attaches there was a host; whilst even marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons swarmed like summer flies. And now we must close this week's article; next week we shall give an account of the fight.

DROWNED IN A FIGHT.—The crew of a schooner, the *Rosehaugh*, of Cromarty, consisting of the captain and three seamen, left Sunderland on Sunday morning, coal laden. They were the worse for liquor, and a quarrel arose between two of them. The captain was at the helm, and it was believed that the third seaman had interfered between the disputants. However that may be, in some manner which can only be conjectured the three men fell into the sea and were drowned. The occurrence took place about three miles and a half north-east from the port of Sunderland.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JULY 1.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Earl Grey moved a series of twelve resolutions respecting the relations between this country and Japan, which, he affirmed, were in a highly unsatisfactory state. He condemned strongly our past policy in respect to Japan, and contended that no possible good could arise out of a war with that country. In order to obviate war it was necessary that the treaties should be altered, and he recommended that negotiations should be opened with other nations having treaties with Japan, especially France, in order to determine what changes should be made in those treaties.

Earl Russell replied to the censures of the noble Earl, and opposed the resolutions, which, after a short debate, were negatived on a division by 39 to 11.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORY.

Mr. A. MILLS called attention to the territories claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company, and moved for certain papers; but, after a short discussion, the motion was withdrawn.

TESTS ABOLITION (OXFORD) BILL.

On the motion for the third reading of the Tests Abolition (Oxford) Bill, Sir W. HEATHCOTE moved that the bill be read a second time that day three months. The House divided on the motion that the question for the third reading be "now" put, which was carried by 150 votes to 140. On the question that the bill be read a third time, Lord R. Cecil complained that the last division was snapped. He spoke against time, and, after a few words from Sir G. Grey, other members followed. At last a division took place, when the numbers were equal for the third reading—Ayes, 170; Noes, 170. The Speaker gave the casting vote for the "Ayes," that another division might be taken on the motion "that the bill do pass." The division was then taken, when the bill was lost by 173 votes to 171.

STREET MUSIC.

The House then went into Committee on the Street Music Bill, and a series of amendments were moved to it. After a long discussion, the bill, with amendments, passed through Committee.

MONDAY, JULY 4.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

VOTE OF CENSURE ON GOVERNMENT.

The Earl of MALMESBURY gave notice that on Friday evening he should move a vote of censure on the Government in reference to their Danco-German policy.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Lord PALMERSTON stated that he had been requested by the Russian Ambassador to say that certain despatches which had been published in the *Morning Post* as to the alleged new Holy Alliance were an invention.

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

Mr. DISRAELI, in moving his vote of censure on the Government for its Danco-German policy, began by pointing out that wars of succession were generally long ones. It was no doubt the knowledge of this which led the Powers to consider and agree to the Treaty of 1852. Differences, however, arose between the King of Denmark and the Federal Diet in consequence of the obligations of that treaty being broken by the King of Denmark. He should have preferred that the matter should have been left to be settled between the Diet and Denmark; but the English Government had not thought so, and had interfered. At great length he criticised the despatches of Earl Russell, and contended that throughout they had shown vacillation. There were threats which were never carried into effect, and, as a result, the influence of England was lowered. He criticised the proceedings of the Conference, and declared that the terms of his motion were fully justified. If asked what was his policy, he would say it was the honour of England, and it was in furtherance of that policy that he moved the resolution.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied to the right hon. gentleman, and charged him with having perverted the meaning of the language used by Earl Russell throughout the correspondence. The right hon. gentleman had declared that Denmark had acted at the sole instance of England, whereas, whatever had been done was done at the instance of all the Powers, and consequently all were equally responsible. Denmark, however, had acted too late. England had taken a prominent part in the affairs of Denmark, because, after the part she had taken in restoring peace to that country in 1849, she thought her honour required that she should do her utmost to bring about a solution of the new difficulties which had overtaken her. Mr. Disraeli asked the House to condemn the policy of the Government, but he declined to give the slightest inkling as to what he himself would do were he in power. The Government had made an effort to rally the Powers of Europe on behalf of Denmark, and had failed. He denied that any language of menace had been used after it had been found that a European combination in favour of Denmark was no longer possible. The object of the motion was to expedite the dissolution of the Government, and it meant this—"Get out of your places and let us come in."

Mr. NEWDEGATE moved an amendment declaring that the integrity and independence of Denmark ought to be guaranteed. He did not advocate immediate war, but he wished it to be understood that England was ready to co-operate with its allies before Denmark was dismembered.

Mr. KINGLAKE could not agree to the amendment nor to the vote of censure, and therefore he moved his amendment expressing satisfaction that peace was to be the policy of this country.

General Peel followed, and was replied to by the Lord Advocate. After a speech from Lord Stanley, Mr. Cobden moved the adjournment of the debate, which was agreed to.

TUESDAY, JULY 5.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

PRUSSIAN BARBARITY IN ALSEN.

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY asked whether the statement in the newspapers that four hundred Swedish volunteers, taken by the Prussians at Alsen, had been massacred was true. He denounced the act, if it had been committed, as most atrocious.

Earl RUSSELL said the Government had no information of the occurrence, but he would make inquiries on the subject.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The adjourned debate on Denmark and Germany was resumed by Mr. COBDEN, who, addressing himself in the first place to the amendment of Mr. Newdegate, objected to it; for, if the House gave its support to the proposal made by the neutral Powers in Conference, it would be voting for a policy of war. Turning then to the resolutions of Mr. Disraeli, the hon. member observed that the right hon. member would have done wisely had he confined himself to a statement of the judgment of the House on the conduct of the Government; whereas he had rather sought to lead the House into the region of prophecy, for he proposed a declaration that the course of the Government had had the effect of lowering this country in the councils of nations and diminishing the securities for peace. Whether we had been lowered, or were to be lowered, in the councils of nations, would depend upon our future conduct. For the present, he was constrained to admit that, so far as the Foreign Office was concerned, we did not stand in a very satisfactory position; but with regard to the statement that the course which had been adopted would "diminish the securities for peace," he joined issue with the right hon. gentleman. He regarded the part recently taken by the Foreign Office as most deplorable and unsatisfactory. What had struck him in reading the despatches was the great want of sagacity displayed by the Foreign Minister, the want of knowledge and appreciation of the policies, the motives, and even the passions, which were guiding and controlling foreign nations in these matters; and, in the absence of that information, our Foreign Office had exposed itself to rebuffs and humiliation in all parts of the world. He maintained that there must be a change in the mode of conducting our relations with foreign countries. Our system of diplomacy had broken down. The Foreign Office had lost its credit abroad, and from this time we should not be able to approach a foreign Power on any question of foreign politics without being looked upon with want of consideration and mistrust, because foreign Governments felt that the real power did not reside in the Foreign Office but in the House of Commons, and more than suspected that the Government were often playing a game with them merely to suit their position in that house.

Lord R. CECIL said that he could have wished that the vote of the hon. gentleman (Mr. Cobden) would be given in the way his speech had gone. He believed if the hon. gentleman had been Foreign Secretary, instead of Earl Russell, the country would have occupied a position proud and noble compared with that which it now held. He condemned the policy generally of the Government, and called upon the House to carry the vote of censure.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER said the question was whether the Opposition should be placed in power. Before they agreed to that they ought to know what would be the policy of the Opposition. No intimation had been given of it, but, on the contrary, most diverse opinions had been expressed. He, therefore, could not vote for the motion.

The debate was continued by Mr. B. Johnstone, Lord H. Vane, Mr. Liddell, Lord R. M. Montagu, and Mr. Whalley.

Mr. ROEBUCK, while condemning the foreign policy of the Government, did not think the Opposition would do any better. He should vote against the motion.

Mr. HOUSMAN, in a warlike speech, argued that the influence of England had been lessened, but that it was chiefly Parliament that was to blame for it. He opposed the motion.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD having spoken in favour of the motion, the debate was adjourned to Thursday on the motion of Mr. Layard.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The *Trespass (Ireland)* Bill was discussed in Committee. The object of the measure was to include under the term "game" wild duck, widgeon, teal, woodcock, and rabbits. Some of the provisions met with considerable opposition on the ground that they went further than the English law, and ultimately it was agreed that rabbits should be exempted from the operation of the bill, which then passed through Committee, in other respects unaltered.

Sir S. Northcote moved that the House go into Committee on the Punishment of Rape Bill. Sir C. O'Loghlin moved that the bill be committed that day three months. Mr. Roebuck seconded the amendment. After a lengthy discussion the amendment was carried by 84 votes to 78.

THURSDAY, JULY 7.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

No business of public importance was transacted.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

Mr. LAYARD resumed the debate on the foreign policy of the Government, and vindicated the character and conduct of Earl Russell, who, he said, had earnestly striven to preserve peace and to save Denmark from dismemberment, but had been thwarted in all his proposals by the conduct of the belligerents and the partial indifference of the other neutral Powers. Everything Earl Russell had done was done with the concurrence of France; and his conduct and despatches had been greatly misrepresented and wrongfully traduced. When they came to look back on Lord Russell's proposals in 1860, 1861, and 1862, he thought they would find that they had been made in great wisdom. His proposals satisfied every party except Denmark, and if Denmark had accepted them she would not have occurred. The noble Lord had never used threats to Germany, and his despatches had been garbled and falsified in order to give that colour to them. It had been said that the Government went into the Conference without a basis; but that the fault of her Majesty's Government? He contended that it was not; for the Government proposed basis after basis, which the other Powers would not accept. The hon. gentleman proceeded to criticise the speeches which had been delivered by the Opposition, showing that there had been an uncompromising disregard of dates and a complete mystification of the despatches for the purposes of debate.

Mr. G. HARDY indignantly repudiated the charge that the Opposition had garbled and falsified the extracts they had quoted from the despatches, and pronounced the statement a calumny.

This remark had hardly escaped the hon. gentleman's lips when Mr. Layard sprang to his feet, and amid the cheers of the Ministerialists demanded that the words imputing calumny to him should be taken down. A "scene" then ensued of a highly exciting character. The Speaker intimated that he saw no reason for calling upon Mr. Hardy to retract. Lord Palmerston rushed to the aid of his lieutenant, and condemned the language of Mr. Hardy as disorderly and censurable. This elicited a retort from Mr. Disraeli that the Under Secretary was guilty of an unparliamentary and indecorous exhibition, and that Mr. Hardy had a perfect right to describe his language as calumnious. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sir John Pakington successively interposed, but the effect was the reverse of that which is produced by throwing oil on the troubled waters. At length Mr. Bernal Osborne rose, and put it with all the gravity of which he is capable, whether the House was not imperilling its "just influence in the councils of Europe," by allowing hon. members to get up and endeavour to overrule the decision of the Speaker. Mutual explanations followed, and Mr. Hardy continued his criticism of the manner in which the negotiations had been conducted by the Foreign Office, contending that the influence which England had hitherto enjoyed in the councils of Europe was seriously impaired in consequence.

Sir F. GOLDSMID supported the amendment.

Mr. G. P. BENTINCK regretted the downfall of party ties, the coalitions which took place for personal objects without any political or party feeling, and the practice, too much in vogue, of sacrificing principles to expediency. He condemned the policy of the Government, which had resulted only in mischief.

Mr. COGAN felt they had tolerated the Government too long, and he should vote against it, not because he desired a Conservative Administration, but because he wished to purify the Liberal party.

Mr. PEACOCK supported the resolutions.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in an elaborate and highly argumentative speech, analysed the charges brought against the Government, denying their truth, and taunting the Opposition with having, when in office, abandoned their own principles and adopted the practice as well as the principles of their opponents.

Lord J. MANNERS strongly denounced the conduct of the Government.

Mr. OSNLOW said that the Government had conducted the affairs of the country with consummate skill, and were worthy of the highest confidence of Parliament.

On the motion of Mr. B. OSBORNE, the debate was adjourned.

Mr. HENNESSY wished to say a few words, in hopes that in future two of her Majesty's Ministers would respect the decision of the Speaker. He found that on the 27th of April, 1855, Viscount Palmerston used these words: "Every reasonable man must now be convinced that the charges of the hon. member are false and calumnious." The hon. member then referred to was Mr. Layard. Mr. O'way then called the noble Viscount to order; but the late Speaker ruled that he was not out of order, and the noble Viscount again repeated the words. After this he was astonished at the noble Viscount disputing a similar decision of the Speaker that night.

Lord PALMERSTON apprehended that he applied the terms to the charges of some other person; but, in any case, he bowed to the decision of the Speaker. He wished to know if the debate was to close to-morrow.

Mr. DISRAELI believed that was the general understanding.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

MR. BASS'S BILL.

As we write we are yet unaware of the fate of Mr. Bass's bill. The third reading has not yet been passed. We have little fear, however, of a successful opposition in the Commons. The miseries entailed upon the studious denizens of town are sufficiently known to a majority of the Lower House to warrant our hope in the passing of the bill. With the Lords it may be a different matter. In their mansions, located in squares under the guardianship of vigilant keepers, they know but little of the torment to which the dwellers in streets are daily subjected.

Within a century back the intellectual workers of London inhabited certain quarters dedicated to them exclusively. The Inns of Court sheltered not only barristers and attorneys but journalists and authors. No street-musician, showman, hawker, or even whistling urchin, was allowed within those solemn, silent precincts. But, as intelligence and population advanced, the occupation of "living by one's wits" became more common and more honourable than in the old days, when it furnished a by-word. Men whose labour is of the head as well as of the hand, are now no longer confined to chambers and offices in the Temple, the Inns, the Albany, and the City. In all these places the exemption from the nuisance of what is called street-music yet exists. And, so long as the thing was really what it was denominated, or at all bearable, there was no great outcry. Perhaps once a week an infirm aged flautist trudged along, blowing his well-known variations on "Home, Sweet Home!" or a harp and trombone played the "Mistletoe Bough" opposite the corner tavern; or, at the worst, a tramp or two chanted a doleful hymn as an excuse for mendicancy. But now, toleration has strengthened a pitiable condition of poverty into an aggravated public nuisance. This horse-music, if we may be allowed to coin a

word to express that for which there is no adequate term in the language, has become a branch of vagrancy and of non-industrial livelihood, as well known and as extensively followed as skittle-sharpening, theft, or betting-book making. Italian organ-grinders are imported by shoals. Every worthless, idle German boy who can just manage to blow a tune out of a brazen tube comes to London as a matter of course, to save himself the trouble of further musical education. Voiceless, tuneless, funless vagrants, the scum of beer-shop tap-rooms, blacken their faces and yell in gangs outside the doors of educated householders labouring for the support of their families, and, it may be, the instruction and improvement of the community. And when a measure is brought forward to secure to a man the right of not being compelled to listen to horse-music against his will, its supporters are accused of a desire to put down the enjoyments of the poor and of unconstitutional intermeddling with the liberties of the subject.

It is curious to collate the arguments against Mr. Bass's bill and to see how one defeats another. Says one opponent, "It is sought to deprive the courts and alleys of the metropolis of a cheap and innocent gratification." Says another, "I quote the Chancellor of the Exchequer who, in describing the utter misery of Bethnal-green, declared that there were whole streets in which not even a barrel-organ could be heard." Says a third, "This is class legislation, with a vengeance, to oblige about a hundred solicitors and nervous literary men." A fourth declares that the promoters of the bill hate music; and a fifth that, being able to afford to visit operas and concerts, they despise the simpler tastes and opportunities of the poor. Put all these together, and we come to this result—that the barrel-organs are the delight of the poorest neighbourhoods, where they are never heard; that the bill is oppressive because, if passed, it will only be put in force by a microscopic minority of householders; and that those who are likely to exercise their powers under it hate music and spend their money in operas and concerts.

But the bill is unconstitutional. A constable is to be at liberty to arrest without warrant. This is an innovation, to be sure! Why, a constable is not only authorised, but bound, and upon his own view and notion only, to arrest offenders in such small matters even as chalking a wall, blowing a horn to announce a show, bowling a hoop, carrying a plank or a placard in the street, or begging without a musical or unmusical instrument. The old manner of clamouring for alms was by rattling a clapper, and it was only by the Police Act of the reign of her present Majesty that this nuisance was abolished. In what was this worse than grinding a hand-organ, or blaring perversely and intentionally out of tune, as practised daily by the young German vagabonds who infest our streets?

Let it not be imagined that we would be reckoned among those who, upon the first notes of a street minstrel, the first trill of the street boy's penny whistle or the drone of his cheap accordion, would be for rushing out to collar the player and put him in the track for the dungeon and the crank. A request, founded upon reasonable cause, must precede the removal, under Mr. Bass's bill, of the horse-musician. The householder runs all risks of civil action. The policeman acts upon the responsibility of the complainant, who, be it observed, must be a householder: therefore amenable to damages for false imprisonment. The very fact of a previous request being necessary gives the nuisance-monger a fair opportunity to remove himself beyond the chance of being charged. If those who dislike street music be after all, as some of our contemporaries affirm, so few in number, what can be the injury to the players in being warned off upon rare occasions? If, on the other hand, the objectors be sufficiently numerous and influential to carry the proposed measure through the House and afterwards to give a material check to organised street noises, what possible excuse can there be for not assisting them to get rid of what is thus demonstrated to be so widely recognised as a nuisance?

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, visited the Royal Horticultural Gardens on Tuesday, for the purpose of inspecting the progress of the works and additional planting.

THE EARL OF DERBY has been suffering for several days past from a severe attack of gout, but is now much better, and, it is hoped, will be able to attend in his place in Parliament in time to take part in the debate in the Upper House on the foreign policy of the Government.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN THE HON. GEORGE FITZCLARENCE, R.N., brother to the Earl of Munster, with Lady Maria Scott, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell, was solemnised, on Tuesday, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

MR. ALDERMAN BESLEY and MR. ALDERMAN DAKIN have been elected Sheriffs of London for the ensuing year.

MR. COLLEY GRATTAN, author of "Highways and Byways" and other works, is seriously ill.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM has issued a notice to the effect that tobacco-smoking will in future be entirely disallowed in the park at Bishop Auckland.

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAM-SHIP is expected in the Thames shortly to take on board the Atlantic cable.

THE ANCIENT SAVOY CHAPEL, in the Strand, was burned to the ground on Thursday afternoon.

A STRIKE for an advance of wages is in agitation among the building trades of Manchester.

A MARRIAGE is to take place (when the parties come of age) between Robert Stapleton Cotton, son of the Hon. Colonel S. Cotton, and Miss Fletcher, the ward of Lord Kenyon, and heiress of Mr. Fletcher, of Lancashire.

PROPERTY to the amount of £10,000 has been destroyed by fire on the wharf of the North-eastern Railway Company at Hillgate, Gatehead.

MR. SAMUEL BIALLE, M.P., is suffering from such a severe attack of illness that his retirement both from the representation of Derby and the chairmanship of the Midland Railway Company is by no means improbable.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUTCHINSON, Commandant at Plymouth, has been committed, on a coroner's warrant, for the manslaughter of a waterman killed by a shot from the batteries while shell-practice was going on.

WHILE THE WHITE POPULATION in New Orleans enjoy good health, an unusual mortality prevails among the blacks—attributable to their changed social condition.

THE TURKISH COMMERCIAL FLAG has been altered by Imperial decree. Instead of the red ground and white crescent, as hitherto, the colours are, green ground, with a red ball in the middle bearing a white crescent in its centre.

A MAN, name unknown, threw himself before a train at the Chiswick station on Saturday afternoon, and had his head completely severed from the trunk.

SOME LADIES wrote to the manager of the Horticultural Gardens to ask if they might play croquet there. The manager in reply said that the gardens were intended for horticulture and not for "husbandry!"

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN has defeated one of his brothers, who has fled into British territory. The Ameers then marched against his other brothers.

THE SOMERSETSHIRE TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN SPEKE, consisting of two vases, of the value of £1000, was presented to the courageous explorer last week. The Lord Lieutenant of the county (Lord Cork) presided at the presentation.

IN 1862 THE PAUPERISM IN LANCASHIRE WAS 278,200. The numbers have now fallen to 94,400—being about 40,000 in excess of the average of active times.

BARON VON BEUST, as Plenipotentiary of the German Diet, has addressed a long letter to Earl Russell, alleging various errors and omissions in the summary of proceedings read at the last meeting of the defunct Conference. The document in question was drawn up by Baron Brunnow.

A REVIEW OF THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS took place in Hyde Park on Monday, in presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, and a brilliant Staff.

A HIGHLANDER named Hugh Main, formerly a lock-keeper on the Aberdeen and Inverary Canal, died at Aberdeen last week at the age of 103 years. He retained all his faculties unimpaired to the last, and was walking about within a few days of his death.

IN THE YEAR 1863, 2415 paupers were removed under orders of removal from metropolitan parishes to other parishes within the metropolis, 1757 to other parishes in England and Wales without the metropolis, and 409 to Ireland. The number of removals was considerably less than in 1861.

A CURIOUS HORSE is now being exhibited in the Prince Alfonso Circus at Madrid. It has not a single hair on the whole of its body, whilst its skin, which is white, like that of a European, is so transparent that the veins may be distinguished through it. The horse cannot be used for labour in consequence of the fineness of the skin, which would be exposed to abrasion.

THE PRINCE OF WALES was entertained on Saturday evening by the Master and Elder Brethren of the Corporation of the Trinity House in their hall on Tower-hill. The Master is Viscount Palmerston. The company numbered several most influential personages. Lord Palmerston proposed the health of the Prince, who responded briefly. The proceedings were altogether of a pleasant character.

THE PARIS, LYONS, AND MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY COMPANY had, at the close of 1863, expended rather more than £66,000,000! This is the largest railway enterprise in the world. The extent of way now in operation is close upon 1900 miles; and the receipts fluctuate between £130,000 and £140,000 per week.

SIX MEN WERE KILLED on Friday morning week in a colliery at Wigan. They were being lowered down the shaft when, from some cause or other, the cage was thrown on one side, and the poor fellows precipitated to the bottom. Two lads who were also in the cage saved their lives by clinging to the chain by which the cage was hung.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science took place on Saturday, at Greenwich. Lord Brougham presided, and, in the course of speeches which he made, congratulated the association on the improvements in the law and in other matters which it had been instrumental in bringing about. The annual meeting of the association will be held at York, on Sept. 29.

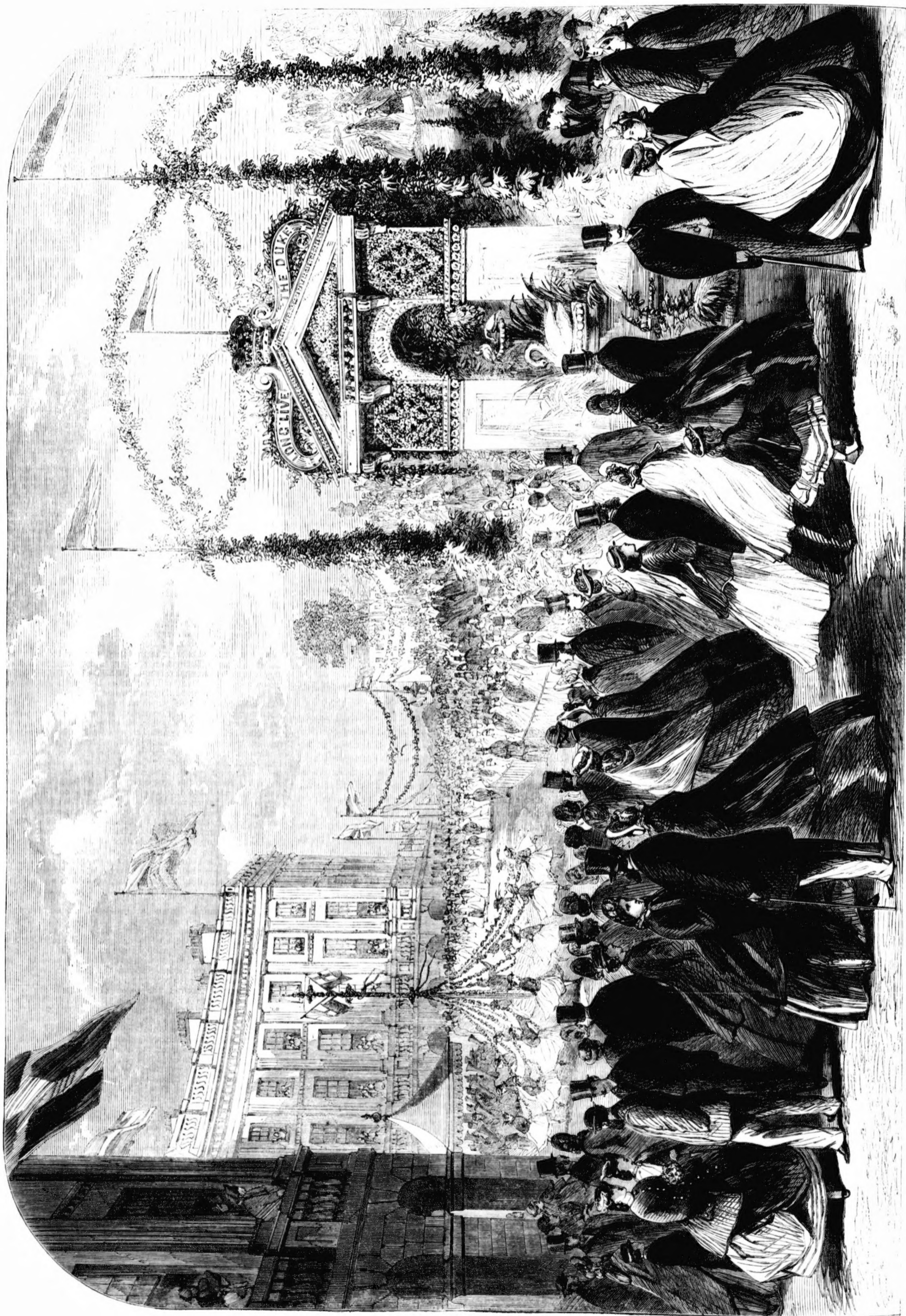
WELL-DRESSING AT BUXTON.

THIS annual festival, established in 1840, to commemorate the gift of water to the inhabitants of Higher Buxton, has this year been celebrated for the twenty-fourth time. Before 1840 water had to be carried from St. Ann's Well or the river Wye at great labour and expense. Then a fountain in Higher Buxton was provided gratuitously by the Duke of Devonshire, and to celebrate this gift the festival was established, in imitation of an old custom which existed in several Derbyshire villages. Now water is laid on to every house at an annual rate more than saved by the reduction of labour, and the festival still continues because it has become a popular holiday in surrounding towns and villages.

The celebration of 1864, which took place on the 23rd ult., will be long remembered, not only because of more elaborate preparations and a wider appeal to the public, in consequence of Buxton being embraced in the railway system, but because after all these extra preparations the weather was not propitious, but deluged all in a flood of disappointment. The morning broke gloomily, and soon the rains descended in that "slanting" direction from the south-west which indicates "heavy wet," and until late in the forenoon the prospect was of the gloomiest description. Then the clouds broke and the sun made pearls and diamonds on every leaf, and flower, and blade of grass, and the crowds who had hurried in by rail, and gig, and bus, and cart, spread into the gardens, the terraces, streets, and fields, only to be driven back in a quarter of an hour by heavy clouds, borne on a stiff breeze over Axe Edge, and deluging wood and fields with moisture. It was amusing to see the scampers for shelter, and how the crinolines sought the protection of the Colonnade. So it continued through the day; there were deluging half-hours of heavy rain, and bright, glistening half-hours of tempting sunshine, which coaxed to a stroll in the gardens and walks, and led to a race back again, chased by the pelting shower.

There were morris-dancers, a brass-band competition, and the town generally was studded with decorative devices, the most attractive of which was that of St. Ann's Well, the work of Mr. Robert Brunt, who succeeded in designing and executing a floral decoration which was equally happy in the skill of the general arrangement and in the taste with which the colours of the flowers were blended or contrasted. Round the base of the well was a natural greensward, with rockery and ferns interspersed effectively and naturally. Around the basin of the well was a wreath of fir, and above this, immediately under the arch of the stonework, and floating among ferns, as it were, at the margin of a lake, was an elegantly-formed swan, formed of various flowers—the water of cup moss, the back of the petals of the rhododendron, the neck of daisies, and the beak of the leaves of the poppy. Above the swan was a fir-cone vase, filled with flowers, perhaps a little out of perspective—and on the vase rested two white doves, one in a drinking posture, the other looking on with dovish complacency. Above these, again, on a natural branch of oak, which made an excellent background to the really beautiful picture, were two more doves, one pruning itself, the other stooping to peck, in graceful attitude and correct outline almost perfect. Over these, as an ornamental framework, facing the stone above the arch, was a floral arch of buttercups, on which were formed, with red daisies, "St. Ann's Well." The tympanum was filled with a small scroll of buttercups at each side, and, in the centre, by an ornamental figure composed of white rocket, fir cones, and roses. Over, and resting on the middle of the tympanum, was the coronet of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, beautifully wrought in flowers, and elegantly formed, pink hawthorn, pansies, and other showy flowers, by skilful contrast, representing the jewels. In a ground of buttercups, edged with fir cones, red daisies formed the motto "Long live the Duke!" and above rested white doves, feathered with petals of the daisy different in attitude, but both graceful and natural. On each side was the Devonshire crest, formed of fir cones and buttercups; under each was a design in buttercups, bordered with fir cones, the intermediate spaces being filled with moss and a spruce edging. The pillars on each side were capped with a lozenge-shaped ornament, almost too formal to be in keeping with the rest. Around the fountain were four evergreen pillars, and from them sprang arches of spruce relieved by flowers of the rhododendron and laburnum, the latter hanging in rich golden clusters. At the top of the decorated pillars fluttered small banners (indispensable on all festive occasions), and a little fountain in front of the well sparkled and danced and spread a silvery dome, and sprinkled tiny jets, giving a lively animation to the foreground. The whole was a beautiful work of art, which everyone united in praising. It is shown in our Engraving.

The fountain on Eagle Parade, Higher Buxton, was also decorated; but the design and execution were not so happy as the dressing of St. Ann's Well.



ANNUAL CEREMONY OF WELL-DRESSING AT DUNTON, DERBYSHIRE.

THE ISINGTON HORSE SHOW: JUDGING THE HUNTERS



THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

EVERYBODY is talking about the great fight and the probable results thereof. About this contest, however, I can say but little, as it will almost to a certainty be over before this Number shall have got into the hands of your readers. Never in my experience has there been so much uncertainty about the result of a great party division as there has been upon this. When Disraeli first put his notice upon the paper, I venture to say that neither he nor any other of the leaders of the Conservatives hoped to get a majority. It was generally believed then that the Government would have a majority of twenty-five; but now, whilst I am writing, a majority against the Government is thought by the Conservative whips to be upon the cards. The cause of this change is well known. Certain Liberals have openly declared that they would not vote for the Government. Amongst others, Mr. Clive, late Under-Secretary for the Home Department and member for Hereford; Colonel Clifford, his colleague; Sir Francis Goldsmid; and Mr. Gore Langton, the member for Bristol. This was startling, as one knew not to what extent the mutiny in the Liberal ranks had spread. Moreover, it is rumoured that the indefatigable exertions of the Conservative leaders to remove all causes of discontent and jealousy, and generally to smooth down all ruffled feathers, has been crowned with remarkable success. Even Mr. Bentinck, who had all but bound himself by a vow not to attempt to disturb the Government, has relented and repented, and consented to pair, if not to vote. There was great joy over this returning sinner. "Bentinck is all right" flashed through the clubs, and the news was received with as much jubilation as is felt and expressed in an election committee-room when it comes to be known that some notable elector commanding a number of others of the free and independent has given consent to have his promise booked. Indeed I may say that all the manoeuvres and tactics of the election committee-room have been employed by both sides on this occasion. Promises, persuasions, and all that we understand by influence, have been had recourse to, and even the screw—though, of course, that has been worked very delicately—has been put on in some instances. The Irish Roman Catholics, it has been said—nay, positively asserted by people who ought to know—have been strongly pressed to vote against the Government. I shall be curious to see and analyse the division-lists.

On Monday morning there was an article in the *Morning Star* which announced that, whatever might be the result of the division, there would certainly be a dissolution—as soon as possible after the prorogation. This article was in leaded type, and seemed to have been—and everybody believed it to have been—written under the inspiration if not by command of the Government, and it produced so great a sensation, and was evidently doing so much mischief to the Government, that when the House assembled the Government whips had sedulously contradicted it. "The *Star* has no authority whatever for such a statement," said Mr. Brand. "Whether the Government will dissolve or not will depend upon the amount of support we may get." And on Tuesday the *Star* itself formally announced that, in case the Government should get a majority, Parliament will not be dissolved till spring. A suspicion, however, still lurks in the House that this Parliament will, in any case, not assemble again. Of course, if the Government should be beaten we shall have a dissolution immediately. My opinion is that the *Star* was not authorised by the Government to make the first announcement, but that it had good reason to believe what it announced was true; and I should not be at all surprised if events should justify the announcement, Mr. Brand's authority to the contrary notwithstanding.

The funny fever which has so long raged over London is becoming a pestilence, and must be checked. It is literally too serious for further endurance. Young gentlemen of fashionable "proclivities," with a considerable quantity of time upon their hands, admire the fun, pun, and parody found in the works of Messrs. Brough, Byron, and Burnand, and endeavour to imitate them, with about as much success as the schoolboy who, with a clasp-knife and a lump of wood, emulates the efforts of the best naval architects. The dreariness of the productions of these make-believe wits and sham dramatists is by no means their only vice. They also offend good taste. From the programme of a fancy fair held on the 8th and 9th of this month I select the following offensive trash:—

The committee have resolved to serve up "a thin slice of Ham-let, cut to suit fancy fare." The Prince of Denmark by Miss Ella Staunton; and Ophelia by Mr. Schoones, the belle of the regiment. Not only as their mite towards the glorious, memorable, and highly successful national tercentenary tribute to the Bard of Avon, and in compliment to his newly-discovered relations, but in honour to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, to whom Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, was a collateral cousin-german, twenty-eight times removed on H.R.H. great-grandmother's side. The committee, having given great consideration to the subject in a Conference, have likewise the hope that a hint may be taken therefrom by the *Schles-Whig Government of Lord Palmerston*, in the proposed cutting-up of Denmark, to part with but a very "thin slice" thereof, and settle the matter without any more Von-Wrangling.

This is rare wit. Surely her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales is not expected to honour this gathering with her presence. The old-fashioned observance of ordinary gallantry and courtesy would not seem to be essential in this "exquisite fooling." In another part of the bill a drama is promised to "have a greater run than Miss Bateman as Leah, especially as it has been authoritatively promulgated in the *Owl* that that distinguished actress intends to cast a *Leer* in another direction." It is, perhaps, late in the day to mention a something, I suppose, intended for a burlesque, which was not only printed, but acted at another fête. It was called, "Mumbo Jumbo; or, y^e Mountains' of y^e Moon, near y^e Gaboon." I need only quote the first ten lines of this performance, which is called a "drama with an alarmer and a precocious charmer," to show of what stuff it is composed:

The Moon appears in tears. Enter the Moon alone (chants).
I am the Moon, with my silver shoon—
Shoon, not sheen, I mean—and my spoon
Enter Bogo Oger. Speaks from his cheeks.
Ah! Psha! Va!!
(Dances and prances with ferocious glances.)
Hum! Mum!
(Puts his dita into his ribs.)
Ho! So! Ho!
(Intones with groans.)

Well might Mr. Ayrton remark in the House of Commons, that—

In addition to science and art, the South Kensington Museum had lately applied itself to literary pursuits; and the most recent development in this direction was entitled "Mumbo Jumbo; or, the Mountains of the Moon in the Gaboon" (laughter), which was the most remarkable compound of nonsense he had ever seen. It was a concatenation of the sheerest nonsense from beginning to end, and possessed neither wit, humour, nor any other redeeming quality.

The *Saturday Review* of last week contained an incisive article on "Mumbo Jumbo," to which an actor in the burlesque—they call the thing a burlesque—has replied by a feeble letter in a daily paper.

I send you an advertisement I cut out of a paper, which is good enough to reprint:—

NURSERY GOVERNESS WANTED.—A happy home and washing expenses offered as a commencement, with kind treatment. Musical preferred. Three children. Apply to E. M. R.

A happy home and washing expenses! Why did they not offer true sympathy and soap—the tenderest maternity and the best mottled?

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

The magazines are nearly all flat this month. That was my first impression, and I have taken pains to verify it by looking over the whole batch: a second and a third time, besides taking the opinion of another taster. The matter is not quite without interest; for, though it would seem *a priori* incredible that a score of publications coming out on the same day should all be open to the same general description, it really does happen so sometimes, although the critic is perhaps willing to attribute it to his own dulness. *quod hanc, as the lawyers say.*

Cornelius O'Dowd, in *Blackwood*, is amusing, as usual, and, as usual, rather stimulating; but in the present number he shows a thinner mind than I at first supposed him to possess; and he appears to lack that sort of instinct which warns some men when they are getting out of their depth. Do my readers know what I mean? Here is an illustration:—Roundell Palmer, in his late speech for Mrs. Yelverton, said an exceedingly stupid thing about the class of poetry Mrs. Yelverton liked. Now, I quite believe Cairns knows even less about poetry than Palmer; but I feel sure the former would never have put his foot in it as the latter did. He would have known before he got off his beat, and would have held his tongue. O'Dowd is quite correct in saying that great colloquial linguists are usually poor sticks; but his reasons are ridiculous. About Divorce and the Permissive Bill he is equally "up the country," though his observation, pure and simple, is quick enough. For instance, it is quite correct that civil engineers figure very frequently in the Divorce Court, and the reason is not very far to seek. But O'Dowd is not great in reasons.

The *Cornhill* has, as your readers know, a short story, by George Eliot, called "Brother Jacob." It is very characteristic, and almost over-weighted with significance. Perhaps I may be able to give in another number a selection of striking passages; but, in the meanwhile, you must read it—once for the story, and again for the moral criticism. This magazine has a readable paper about Turnpikes (which will shortly be abolished altogether all over England, the way being prepared, perhaps, by consolidation on the Welsh model); and another, which is very caustic, about the Public Schools Commissioners' Report. It is our old friend Paterfamilias who is the author of the article, and of course we all recognise in him a still older friend. The fun is that, without seeming to go out of his way, he makes Mr. Walter look very ridiculous. Dear me! how the times do change, and how we change with them! Who would have thought it would come to this? "Margaret Denzil" is good enough to be tantalising. The author, whoever he is, can do great things under more favourable conditions. What hampers him I don't quite see, but something does. The essay on "Sentimentalism" is worth reading; but it is rather tedious, and too much like a report from an inspector, or something of that sort.

Fraser contains little that provokes comment of any kind. The poetry is very bad; and the paper "On Literary Ethics," though on the right side, is wanting in force. The same remark applies to the whole magazine: it lacks distinctive character.

Not so *Macmillan*; as to which we always know beforehand the sort of thing we shall find provided for us. The present is an unusually good number. The "Polish Poem," the Editor's "Recollections of Chalmers," Mr. Longfellow's poem, and Mr. Dicey's "Hawthorn Gossip" are all acceptable, though the last might be better.

Temple Bar contains some happy "Words about Poetry" and a very good paper, by Mr. Sala, concerning Church-street, Liverpool. "The Doctor's Wife" has made such a "silly" of herself, and the whole texture of the story has shown so threadbare that the author will have to do something strong now in order to revive our interest in the heroine. Readers of the present number will care ever so much more about Catherine I. of Russia, whose story is very happily re-told in a short, clear, comprehensive article, that is well worth attention.

The *St. James's Magazine* contains, however, the most interesting paper of the month—an unpretending but very pleasant memoir of John Clare. The same magazine has also a nice essay on "Colour in Dress."

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* is a little better than usual. "Welcome the Sorrow that Comes Singly," by the late Mr. Alaric A. Watts, is good of its kind; and the first of a series of essays on Hymnology promises very well. I shall watch with some curiosity to see how much the author knows of the by-paths of the subject.

London Society is a fair number; but the illustration opposite page 48 is preposterous. Adelaide Claxton's "Seven Flats" is, however, so good as to make amends; it is a capital bit of drawing. As I have abused (for reasons which a child will discern) the cut opposite page 48, I may as well add that the one by the same hand opposite page 63 has merit. "My Competitive Examination" is good, but should have been a little longer and more explicit.

The *Alexandra Magazine* inserts a paper, by a lady, in which it is candidly admitted that women are not such good hands at bearing small vexations as is pretended by those who would rather repeat parrot-cries than make observations for themselves.

On the other hand, the "Author of John Halifax, Gentleman," in *Good Words*, has the following line:—

We women suffer, and are dumb.

My own opinion is that women are inferior to men in the power of living above vexation, and, accordingly, I praise the candour of the *Alexandra Magazine*.

The *British Army and Navy Review* is a cheap shilling's worth; and I should think it would succeed. At all events, it is the best of the new comers, of whom I leave one or two unnoticed.

The *Intellectual Observer* is up to its usual mark. But there is nothing new about the fact that headache (of any kind) may be relieved by mechanically-applied pressure upon the temples. Only, who wants to wear a Cap of Silence?

I am glad to see the *Art-Student* keeping up. It is greatly improved in this its sixth number. It is a suggestive fact that the most readable magazines are always (to my thinking) those which have just such a speciality as would seem at first sight to confine their acceptability within a narrow circle.

The monthly part of *Chambers* deserves a kind word, but there is nothing very special about it. However, I am rather sick of seeing a certain misquotation—started by the "Gentle Life" and reproduced with the most gingerly care by everybody who refers to the book:—

Never to mix our pleasure nor our gain
With sorrow to the meanest thing that feels,

is supposed to be correctly given out of Wordsworth. Really, now? It isn't easy to make "gain" rhyme with "divide," which is my recollection of the last word of the line in metrical apposition; and I don't feel quite happy about the other line. There's some screw loose in it. I think it ought to be "sorrow of" instead of "to," and "blend" instead of "mix."

Our *Mutual Friend* is better. The curate's wife is a masterly little profile, and the whole of that orphan business extremely well touched. But surely this great conjuror has shown us too much of his coming trick? However, his resources are endless, as we all know, from what happened when "Nicholas Nickleby" was prematurely dramatised and Mr. Dickens had to invent another *dénouement*, and did it.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The ways of managers are wondrous strange. On Wednesday the HAYMARKET season was brought to a close. The house was crammed and the entertainment varied, for the benefit of Mr. Buckstone. O'Keefe's comedy of "The Castle of Andalusia" was revived, the lessee playing Spado; after which was given the farce of "A Regular Fix," with Mr. Sothern as Mr. Hugh de Brass. After the farce Mr. Buckstone came forward and "addressed a few words to the audience on nothing very particular." As to the prospects of the next season he said:—

With respect to the future, I shall reopen on the 12th of September next, with the comic opera you have witnessed this evening, but with the addition of a new farce, written by the immortal author of "Box and Cox" and "Lend me Five Shillings," to be called "On the Sly." A brilliant Italian actress, speaking English to perfection, will afterwards make her first appearance in England, in a new drama; while my Lord Dundreary (Mr. Sothern) will again come before you at Christmas; and during his engagement a sensation comedy will be produced, written by Mr. Watts Phillips; and we have not yet given up all hope of inducing "Brother Thum" to come from America and appear during the next London season. You will also be glad to hear that I am promised the first dramatic work of Miss Bradton, the accomplished and wonderfully popular author of "Lady Audley's Secret." With such material I think you will acknowledge I have secured a continuance of that success which has never yet deserted the Haymarket Theatre.

A little while ago, ladies and gentlemen, I had some idea of retiring from public life, thinking I had been quite long enough before you, and dreading to be looked upon as the "feeble veteran lingering on the stage"—(that is not the exact quotation, but it is near enough)—but as I have yet a long unexpired term of this theatre, and held under one of the best of landlords that ever owned so important a property as the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and whose sympathies and good wishes I am never without, and not yet feeling any symptoms of feebleness, and at all times meeting with every encouragement from you, I intend, health and life permitting, to go on to the end of my term, and perhaps longer than that; therefore, I still hope to appear occasionally before you as Bob Acres, Tony Lumpkin, Scrub, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Marplot, and other old characters, and also in as many new parts as I can get.

The LYCEUM closed, despite good business, and the New ROYALTY with, as I heard, good houses, has shut its doors. The little STRAND, too, has done the same thing, with the intention of growing bigger. Next season we are to have a higher roof, better ventilation, and all sorts of improvements.

I suppose that this early-closing movement will be a good thing for the theatres that remain open. For the last fortnight the ST. JAMES'S has served up *rechauffé* dishes. "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" has been revived for Mrs. Stirling; and "Used Up" and "Little Toddlekins" give Mr. Charles Mathews an opportunity of displaying his admirable talents in two of his best parts. By-the-way, I think it is time this charmingly cheery actor appeared in something new. Surely he might give us some fresh proof of his ability. He is always welcome, always agreeable, but the stock parts of his repertoire have been seen too often lately. Anything for a change. And the mention of the title of one of his best farces reminds me that he is shortly to appear in a new phase of character. Mr. Burnand has written an extravaganza on the subject of Faust and Marguerite, in which Mr. Mathews is to play Mephistopheles, Mrs. Charles Mathews is to be the Marguerite, and Mr. John Clarke the Dame. I have not heard who is to play Faust, but I presume a lady—possibly Miss Cottrell. I find that I have forgotten to mention that Mr. Oxenford's capital farce of "Bristol Diamonds" has been revived for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews. Really so many Matthews in the same theatre, and all so clever and so popular, are enough to puzzle the best-regulated lunger. Rumour reports a new and original comedy (start not, dear reader! I know that I have written the word "original," and I meant it!) by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, of Mrs. Brownian celebrity. Playgoers will remember that this accomplished and versatile gentleman was the author of an excellent and successful comedy played at the St. James's about a year and a half ago, called "A Dark Cloud."

Revival is also the order of the day at the ADELPHI. "Janet Pride" is again to the fore. At the OLYMPIC the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" still retains its hold of the playbills and the public. It is supposed by the members of the company that that popular drama will never leave off running.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA ON THE CONFERENCE.

THE following identical note has been addressed by the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin to the respective representatives of Austria and Prussia at the Courts of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Stockholm:—

Sir,—When the Government of the King took part in the Conference at London it was animated by the earnest desire to put an end, by a firm and lasting peace, to the sanguinary conflict which had broken out between the two great German Powers upon the one hand, and Denmark upon the other. Firmly resolved to procure for Germany the just satisfaction which her honour and interests entitled her to demand, we endeavoured at the same time to arrive at a solution which should not endanger the balance of the north of Europe. We firmly adhered to the view that the blood of our brave soldiers should not have flowed in vain; but we were also unwilling to prolong the contest past the point we had laid down at the outset. Our attitude at the Conference has always been conformable to these resolutions. We should have been willing to accept a combination which, while securing a separate political existence to the duchies, still allowed a dynastic bond to exist between them and Denmark Proper. As an arrangement of this kind did not find favour either with the Danish Government or the neutral Powers, we were obliged to seek another basis. As we thereupon demanded that the duchies should be constituted an independent State under a separate Sovereign, we were disposed to cede to Denmark a portion of Schleswig, although the union of the entire duchy with Holstein was desired with equal zeal in the country and in the whole of Germany. We should have made a real and important concession by permitting a portion of Schleswig to be incorporated with Denmark, as it is precisely these attempts at incorporation—contrary to the obligations which have been undertaken—which have embittered the dispute between Germany and Denmark, and have occasioned the present quarrel. When, finally, the impossibility of agreeing upon a just line of demarcation became evident, and when England proposed to appeal to the good offices of a friendly Power, we declared ourselves the more ready to accept this offer as it was in accordance with the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris. It was the Danish Plenipotentiaries who made shipwreck of this last attempt at reconciliation by a categorical rejection at the sitting of the 22nd of the month; it was also the Danish Plenipotentiaries who refused at the same sitting their assent to the prolongation of the armistice required by the representatives of Prussia and Austria. We are obliged solemnly to state these facts, for they prove that, if the London Conference has not led to the desired result, the Cabinet of Copenhagen alone bears the blame. If the work of peace has been interrupted and the resumption of hostilities impends, the responsibility cannot attach to the German Powers. The responsibility rests utterly and solely upon Denmark, which rejected the last offer of conciliation, and refused all prolongation of the armistice. Our representatives were commissioned to deliver a declaration in this sense at the opening of the sitting upon the 20th. You, Sir, will kindly refer to what has taken place at the London Conference, to demonstrate the share of each party in the events that have occurred. Be good enough to remind the Government to which you are accredited how great has been the moderation of our demeanour up to the last moment, and that we have ever been ready to put an end to a war called forth solely by the faithlessness of Denmark, and which we are now compelled to continue entirely through her obstinacy.

VON BISMARCK.

THE DANISH AND GERMAN FLEETS.—The Hamburg papers give the following as the respective strength of the Danish and Austro-Prussian fleets in the North Sea:—The Austrian force consists of the screw-ship of the line Kaiser, 21 guns; the screw-frigate Schwarzenberg, 50 guns; the iron-clad frigates Don Juan d'Austria, 16 guns; the screw-corvette Friederich, 22 guns; the paddle-wheel-steamer Elizabeth, 6 guns; and the screw gun-boats Wall and Seehund, each carrying 4 guns. The Radetzky screw-frigate, 35 guns, was at Borkum upon the 26th ult. The Prussians have the paddle-wheel steamer Preussischer Adler, 4 guns, and the screw gun-boats Blitz and Basilisk, carrying 3 guns each. The Danish force is believed to consist of the screw-frigate Niels Juel, 42 guns; the screw-frigate Jylland, 44 guns; the screw-corvette Heimdal, 16 guns; the screw-ship of the line Skjold, 64 guns; and the iron-clad screw corvette Dannebrog, 15 guns. The frigate Sjælland, 44 guns, or the Tordenskjold, 35 guns, will also probably be sent to the North Sea, with other small craft.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, a reward of £3 was voted to the crew of three men of a shore-boat, for putting off and saving, at some risk of life, two men whose boat was capsized during a strong westerly wind in Yarmouth Roads, on the 27th of May last. Various other rewards were also voted for saving life from different wrecks on the coasts of the United Kingdom. The committee then sanctioned payments amounting to about £1900 on some of the life-boat establishments of the institution. A communication was read from General Knollys expressing the thanks of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for a photograph presented to him by the institution of the Albert Victor life-boat now stationed at Berwick-on-Tweed. The boat was the gift of the city of Manchester to the institution. His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief and Earl De Grey and Ripon had given instructions for copies of the directions of the institution for the restoration of the apparently drowned to be circulated amongst the several stations of the Army at home and abroad. The Hon. Rustomjee Jamssetjee Jejeebhoy, member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, had presented to the society £500, through B. W. Crawford, Esq., M.P. During the past month the institution had sent new life-boats to Teignmouth, Padstow, Holyhead, and Dover. At several of these towns, and at Marlborough, in Wiltshire, the people had turned out in large numbers to give a hearty welcome to the new life-boats. The institution had also about twenty life-boats building for places on the coast. A contribution of £20 had been forwarded by the officers of her Majesty's ship Styx, at Bermuda, being the proceeds of some amateur entertainments given by them for the benefit of the Life-boat Institution. It was reported that officers of the Russian Imperial Navy and Swedish Navy had been specially deputed by their respective Governments to visit some of the life-boat stations of the institution on the coasts of the British Isles. These officers had expressed themselves as greatly pleased with what they had seen.

OUR FEUILLETON.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTION.

THE American mind has ever before it the magnitude of "the boundless continent." The late Mr. Buckle wisely insisted upon the influences of climate and geographical position upon the different races of the human family. The American is affected physically by the climate; mentally and morally by the gigantic territory on which he lives and travels. No problem so puzzles and sometimes irritates the Transatlantic brain as the fact that our own nice little, tight little island, with its murky fogs and boisterous seas, should be a first-rate Power in Europe and rule over the largest colonial empire in the world. Brother Jonathan confounds "largeness" with "greatness," and imagines that mighty rivers, thundering cataracts, impenetrable forests, and spacious prairies, necessarily make a great country. I overheard a Bostonian, engaged in a warm controversy with an English friend in a balcony of a seaside boarding-house in Massachusetts, pettishly exclaim, "What's the use of talking about England! Why, if you took England up and put her down in one of our western States you wouldn't know where she was."

It is strange that a people so "go-ahead" and so locomotive should have made such inadequate arrangements for being carried to and fro so many thousand miles at such frequent intervals. But the strongest Philo-American Englishman (and I rank myself among the number) must in fairness draw a contrast in favour of his own country on the travelling question. If they "whip all creation" in other respects, they clearly do not achieve this triumph over all mankind in the speed of their railway cars. They are much slower than our own, slower than the French, and quite as slow, if not slower, than the Belgian and German trains. Then, again, there is no difference or grade in carriages, and, therefore, none in price, which, as Mr. Trollope and other travellers have remarked, is an injustice and an inconvenience to the poor. True, it is a kind of protest in favour of social equality, but it is one of a false, foolish, and exceptional kind. It would be quite as reasonable to protest against first-class equipages, first-class houses, and first-class clothes as against first-class railway cars. The American would reply to this objection that you have no right to interfere with private personal wealth or the manner of its expenditure; that, as a Government or a people, we have nothing to do with the amount of a man's income, except to tax it (nowadays for war purposes); that to interfere with or control it is to intrude upon his privacy and to trespass upon his individual freedom: that he may live in a house worth 10,000 dollars per annum or 10 dollars per annum; that he may, as far as his outward man goes, glitter in diamonds or shiver in rags; but that, when he comes into public to dine or to travel, the rich and poor sit at the same table together, ride in the same railway car, and pay the same sum for the accommodation; and that, despite all differences of wealth and social position at their own homes and in private, they are in public on a dead level of equality—citizens alike of the "best Government the world has ever seen."

Any careful examination of this apology will prove it to be illogical and the system it attempts to palliate hypocritical and unjust. It is monstrous that the poor man should pay as much as the rich for travelling a mile when he would gladly put up with less comfort for the sake of saving his money. He is accustomed to rough it at home; why should he not rough it in travelling? The uniform rate is about three-halfpence per mile. Why should not the rich man pay threepence and the poor a penny? It is hard on the rich that you should not give them the comfort and even luxury in travelling which they enjoy in their own houses and at hotels; and the rich man, paying more, as he would readily do, would enable the poor man to travel for less. Why should wealth be shorn of advantages in the railway car which it enjoys everywhere else? The small Dutch farmer from Maryland or Pennsylvania—or the common soldier, tired of war's alarms, and coming up, when his term of service has expired, from the Army of the Potomac to visit friends and relatives at New York—does not put up at the St. Nicholas, the Clarendon, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or the Brevoort House, but seeks some humbler hostelry in the neighbourhood of the Bowery. If he does not bed and board with the Upper Ten Thousand, why should he compulsorily travel with them? Moreover, to give the best argument against the system last (like the practical reason for not ringing the bells—viz., that there were no bells to ring), the high and low practically do not travel together, though they pay the same fare—a flagrant injustice. The upper million ride in the carriages into which, by some absurd arrangement never adhered to, the traveller is not supposed to enter unless he has ladies with him. This is purely theoretical. Practically, any well-dressed man gets into these cars, as a matter of course always making way and giving place to ladies, as the Americans do everywhere with a laudable gallantry. The poor and rough-clad man travels in the smoking-car or in a car adjoining it. He does not intrude upon the crinoline and purple and line linen of the plutocracy. Shouldy, and serge, and rough-spun apparel is not addicted to placing itself in immediate contiguity and direct contrast with silk and satin—with velvet, and moire antique, and superlative broadcloth. This is human nature all the world over; but there is a gross anomaly and a ludicrous want of equity in a system by which Lazarus, without being consulted, has to pay on the same scale with Dives.

These railway-cars have some advantage. They are large and long, with a thoroughfare up the centre. They open into each other, and you may walk from one end of the train to the other, and so ascertain whether you have any friends or acquaintances "on board." This is the phrase used by the conductor—the "gentlemanly" conductor, as he is frequently called in the newspapers. When the train stops a few minutes to take in wood or water at some rural depot, and everyone "loafs" about, gathering flowers or picking berries, the conductor, on being ready to start again, calls out "Now then, all on board, all on board;" and, did you loiter at all, he would proceed without you with very little compunction, even if you were a "big-bug," or person of importance. There is also in most of the cars an ample supply of iced water, a luxury beyond all price and above all praise in hot weather. Then, again, at every depot or station small boys of great activity rush to and fro, selling newspapers, magazines, books, pamphlets, sweetmeats, pears, apples, and other comestibles. From sheer idleness one is sure to make some purchases, even if the appetite does not provoke one to do so, and the sight of the illustrated papers brings on a mental, as the appearance of the fruit excites a physical, hunger. These huckstering boys are youths of a remarkable kind. The cool, offhand, easy, methodical, and taciturn manner in which they carry on trade is quite exemplary. They are also grandly independent. I remember that in returning from a camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard I purchased a Boston paper, price three cents, and on putting my hand into my pocket found that I had only two and no other money but some dollars in greenbacks. I asked him for change, or, as an alternative, to return the newspaper. The boy appeared quite amused at my chivalrous honesty, and begged me to keep the journal, hurrying on to vend his literary wares to other travellers.

The cars have, on the other hand, their disagreeable features. In summer you are almost choked with dust and covered with fine cinders, the consequence of using wood instead of coal to a large extent. In winter you are chilled by a draught or stifled by a stove heated to a white heat. The Americans, not having in many States a picturesque or interesting country to pass through, and being a people in no way disposed to waste time; moreover, having enormous spaces to traverse, travel mainly at night. You can generally procure a berth or lie-down arrangement in the sleeping-car, which is "fixed up" something after the fashion of the sleeping-cabin of a steam-boat. As I was anxious to see all I could of the country, I almost invariably got through my long and multifarious journeyings in the daytime, and more comfortably, and I think

rationality, spent my nights in bed at the hotel, so I never tried the sleeping-cars; but nearly all tourists in America declare, and the Yankees themselves admit, that they are exceedingly uncomfortable, and that a good night's rest in them is next thing to an impossibility. This does not, however, prevent their being used. People who want to make money fast cannot afford to waste their days on locomotion, and therefore the Boston merchant who has business in Philadelphia, or the New York lawyer who has to conduct a case before the Supreme Court at Washington, packs himself up after a fashion in the sleeping-car, and moves from one place to the other during the hours which he would otherwise spend in bed at home. More especially will they travel night after night when the keen search after the "almighty dollar" carries them from the States of New England, or the Middle States, towards the boundless prairies of the Far West. An American thinks no more of a railway and steam-boat journey of a thousand or fifteen hundred miles than we do of going to Bristol, Exeter, or Edinburgh. He is essentially as much a locomotive as he is a sharp, "cute, practical, drinking, smoking, and chewing animal."

W. S. A.

THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

EIGHT A.M.—THE MORNING POST.

IN one shape or another almost every department of public business has produced its Judas anxious to betray the trust of his employers, and to "reveal" such of the arts and mysteries of his profession as, by hook or by crook, he has become acquainted with. Thus we have had "Secrets of My Office," "Revelations of a Police Detective," "Tellings of a Telegraph Clerk," "Diary of a Physician," &c.; but at present the town has not been favoured by the "Peepings," or "Pennings," or "Peachings" of a postman. We have "rhyming postmen," whose poetic flights are bounded only by a handrail, and whose style is powerful, as might be expected in those who so constantly "indulge" in the double-rap-turous. But for a postman—a town postman—to become merely a poet is a wretched waste of opportunity. It may be very well for petty, uninvolved, suburban carriers, with long, straggling beats, to rhyme on their letter-packets, and so beguile the time as they trudge along; to sing

A letter I've got for Sarah Jane,
Who housemaid is at the end of the lane
Where the flower-pots stand on the sill in a row,
And the hollyhocks and the sweetwilliams blow.

Or,

Another I've got for the person who dwells
At the shop round the corner, and bacon he sells.
The seal he will break and read it, I ween,
By the gas-jet just over the sausage-machine.

But although this ringing of his mental mettle may pleasantly tickle the ears of the underpaid peripatetic, it will draw no money into his purse. It is not enough in these sensational times merely to edify the public—it must be startled; and difficult indeed would it be to suggest a more decided startler than "The Peachings of a Postman." Really, when one thinks on the enormous sale of that book; when one, in fancy, reads the advertisement in the morning papers, "Notice! Ninth edition of Peachings just out!" and dwells on the fat checks arriving almost daily from his publisher, it is a temptation to persuade some friend in the G. P. O. to procure you a beat suitable for your purpose, and "go in" for book-building in the regular way, just as a man makes a trip to the Amazon or to Central Africa.

For my part, I should prefer a beat that was not too respectable, and for the very obvious reason that, in highly respectable neighbourhoods, the houses are furnished with letter-boxes, and I should have no opportunity, except now and then by a glimpse of an anxious face lurking behind the window-curtain, of making myself acquainted with the recipients of the momentous billets. If I might have my choice, I would choose a quiet, six-roomed-house beat at Kensington or Camden Town; and I should not care to make more than one round a day—the first round, at eight a.m. As far as the purposes of my book were concerned, it would be a mere waste of shoe-leather to undertake more than that single delivery. My gathering would consist entirely of the secrets of the special epistles of social life, and for these there is but one post—the eight a.m. post; nor is it at all surprising that it should be so. Take love-letters, for instance. Love-lovers may look on all hours of the day as fit for the exchange of epistolary bleatings, and, possibly, it is as easy to "boo" passionately all over four sides of note-paper immediately after breakfast, and when the knife-grinder, and the chair-mender, and the cauliflower-vender are abroad, or even on a sultry afternoon and after a hearty dinner, as at any other time. Easier, perhaps. But your earnest lover never takes pen in hand till the evening. Sitting in his cell, amidst perfect stillness, he forges love-shafts of so exquisite a sort that the mere rattling of a window-shutter breaking in on their incompleteness would shatter them at once. His delight is to hear the lips of his pen kissing the dainty sheet, to catch its little rustling whispers as it spells out the loving words. This, if he is making love. He, however, may be breaking it instead. Well, quiet and seclusion are equally essential to his purpose. His malice is as exacting as hottest love, and it gives him joy to hear the tiny, black, wriggling snakes hiss as his pen gives them birth, and at every hatching—each one more deadly than the preceding—the monster pauses to grin and rub his hands, thinking how they will sting. No other hand but the writer's must consign such precious concoctions to the letter-box; indeed, if the 8-a.m. postman is to deliver the adders, out he must go, letting himself out and in again with his latch-key, for both his landlady and Jimma have been a-bed this hour and more. It may be objected that in outward appearance the honey-pot would be exactly like the adder's nest, and I should not know one from the other. Maybe; but, as I before observed, I should not attempt to glean knowledge of the affairs of my customers by consulting their written names and addresses merely. I should look out for the face at the window or at the door, and make note of such trifles as trembling hands and wan cheeks, and eyes eloquent of joyful content or sad foreboding; for be sure the adders are expected, and Miss Alicom Payne is as certain of her honey-pot as she is that there will be marmalade on the breakfast-table.

The night being so far advanced, Percy Beamisher's missive to Miss Payne does not fall into an empty letter-box. Other evening scribes have already made their deposits, and higgledy-piggledy lie invitations, acceptations, and rejections. There are one or two begging letters; and, as it happens, that addressed to Miss Payne falls stamp atop of a shabby flimsy envelope with the postage-stamp stuck at the bottom left-hand corner, and the superscription ill spelt and villainously askew. It is addressed to Shandy Gaff, Esq., and is the sort of letter that anyone, let alone an experienced town postman, may see through with half an eye.

"My dear Shandy," writes Sarah Brown, "for dear indeed you are though not mine in the holy service of matrimony but which to make use of your own darling words doesn't make any odds in the eye of Him that sees all I couldn't but bite though against your wishes and to the house which you will say is madness and no wonder for so I am dear though far be the thoughts of blaming you. But what could I do with my close gone and not one farthing for the rars of the nuss who has brought him back poor little boy plump and beautiful as he was but now a complete Skelington through the feeding bottle and me with only power to set and cry to hear his wining through drying it away to go to service as you asked my love. Her bringing him back made a row at the lodging where I am likewise in rears and called such horrible names as would make your art ake to ear. I pray to God that missus may not take this in and time the postin so that if possible it may come up with the shavin water. I thought you was ill not having been able to ketch you going in nor coming out for over a week till this morning when seen you quite unexpected turn the wrong way from what you used caused the explanashun. It is all through not seeing you so long dear that I rite and only but for the poor little fellow I would brave it and rather die a 100 times. So no more at present from yours for ever and ever

"SARAH BROWN."

But the perusal of Sarah's letter opens my eyes to the difficulties of my position. My manhood chafes at my scarlet collar, and my impulse is to thwart the rascally Shandy by delaying the delivery of the note for just one little hour, when it will be handed to the traitor at the breakfast-table, and in the presence of the outraged Mrs. Gaff. "Yours for ever and ever," indeed! poor wretch. If you could only see the supreme smirk of contempt that for an instant distorts the handsome face of the poor little Skelington's father, as he arrives at this part of your message, you would be not a little dismayed for your future.

And what about your future, Shandy Gaff, Esq., and clerk at a Thames-street drysaltory, at a salary of a hundred and twenty pounds per annum? Beware that you do not treat miserable Sarah's pledges of eternal devotion too lightly. Recollect that there are two—nay three—to the bargain: herself, yourself, and the Skelington. Yours "for ever and ever" she may not be; but who says that you shall not be *her's*? You may shake her off—that you are bound to do if she will not fall away quietly; but, if you only shake her into the kennel, where her love for you will rot and turn to pestilence, you may thereby be brought to death as surely as though she had clung to you during the shaking-off process—clung to you till she had strangled you. Consider her appeal before you crunch it up and wedge it between the bars into the fire with the toe of your boot. If, however, the poor scrawl is already consigned to the flames, at least spare a minute to watching its ashes. If you bring your mind's eye well forward you may make out some queer shapes. You may make out a draggletail, drunken drab, lying wait of evenings within a score yards of the threshold of your innocent house—a hiccupping, loud-mouthed woman, who is for ever demanding a shilling. If she makes her demands with nothing worse than sulky insolence you are lucky, because at times she is fearful and so full of gin and gratitude as to be uncertain of her standing, and insists on clutching you by the arm and resting her blowsy bonnet on your shoulder. "Don't push me off," she says; "don't, my love, do such a cruel thing. I know my touch is worse than mire to you; but I'm still faithful and will be, s'help me God! till I die. I haven't come for your money, dear Shandy—only to tell you how true I feel towards you. Kiss me, Shandy, my dear." Do what? Kiss her—the hideous thing! Well, there's a help for it, dear Mr. Gaff. To get rid of her, you must either kiss her or call a policeman; and the latter you *dare* not do. One such evening a policeman came without calling. "Come, cut that!" said he to Draggletail. "If you don't leave go the gentleman and be off I'll put you where I shall find you in the morning." "What do you mean, you beast?" asked Draggletail, fiercely. "He's my husband; ask him if he is not?" "Yes, yes; that's all right, policeman," said you, and at the same time winked sheepishly at the man in blue and sneakily proffered him a shilling, which he took without so much as thanking, and walked off with the air of a knowing man of business.

All this you may make out, gay, young Mr. Gaff, in the tinder of Sarah Brown's consuming letter. Nor is this all; the chimney-draught carries away the front wall of tinder, and you get a further insight into futurity. There he is—a sorrow, bony youth, with plenty of neckhandkerchief and no shirt collar, and with his greasy-cuffed coat buttoned tight at the breast, and with the stump of a dirty pipe protruding from his waistcoat pocket. This is the Skelington. He used to be very shy and respectful when he wore pinafores, and waited for you at a convenient corner in Thames-street, with a note from Draggletail; but since he has come into a tailcoat and a pipe, and is, to use his own powerful expression, "on his own hands," his tone has altered considerably. Hear his voice in the crepitation of the paper embers.

"Didn't see me! cert'ny not! I'm too low and hard-up to see, I am. More fool me, not to show myself up and make myself seen!"

"What is it you want, William? Here on Tuesday evening, and now again?"

"What do I want? What do you think I want? Thunderin well you knows that I want everything. Gallus nice father you are to bring me and mother to this ere, and then chuck it in my teeth. I want wittles. I don't want kid gloves and meerschaums, like some puppys as I know do, and have no more right, nor yet as much as I have."

"Then, why don't you work for what you want, Sir?"

"Why don't I work? Cos I aint got nobody to shove me forward like some puppys that I know, and who I'm the elder of. That's why I don't work. You wouldn't begrudge them a shilling to buy a bit of grub with if they come and asked you. I aint a fool, don't you know? and, what's more, I aint going."

What the Skelington was not going to do must be guessed, for at that very moment a puff of air carried the tinder up the chimney. Why didn't it blow up the chimney before? There would have been a little remaining space to have discussed other sorts of letters. But it is too late, and it only remains to say that, contemplating Mr. Gaff pondering over the relics of his 8-a.m. missive, one cannot feel overwhelmed with pity for the gentleman in our picture so dismally regarding his tailor's bill. His mother will make that all right. Anyone may see that with half an eye. J. G.

EIGHT P.M.—COFFEE.

A clever young poet, by trade a mason, commenced one of his most popular odes ("To Contentment") with these remarkable words, "I never had a five-pound note." After this most imprudent cash statement the bard, instead of yielding to despondency, actually revels in his small balance, and openly avows his contempt for wealth and the wealthy. A poet more ridiculous it is difficult to imagine. If, as his own unsolicited confession plainly informs us, he had never been possessed of even so ridiculously small a sum as five pounds, surely he ought to be the very last person who should dare to offer his opinion as to the debasing influence of ten thousand a year. As well might some ragged tramp munching a mouldy crust inveigh against the pleasures of side-dishes and lift up his voice in praise of cold potatoes. Considered as an ode, that ode "To Contentment" is the most discontented piece of contentment that ever appeared in print.

Why poets should feel such extreme disgust for wealth is a mystery which no stockbroker can explain. And, oddly enough, it is not so much their own cash which seems to ferment their venom; with that they are friendly enough; but it is the sight of other people's full purses, and other people enjoying them. So long as your bard is gazing on a violet or toying with a rose his soul expands with beatitude, and he is delicious to observe; but the instant a roll of bank notes meets his eye it dilates with frenzy, and he will abuse the currency shamefully. Nay, so rabid are these poets in their loathing for good money, that they will not admit any owner thereof to be an honest man; and, when imagining their heroes, they prefer to select some unfortunate creature who trembles when his washerwoman is out of temper.

I once knew a poet who was such a powerful hater that it was quite unpleasant to be favoured with his society. I have known that very poet to insult, in the presence of a crowded chophouse, as respectable an old gentleman as anybody could wish to see, calling him a licentious wretch batten on Nature's loveliest gifts, merely because the worthy creature had ordered a dish of early peas. Perhaps his most popular, and decidedly his most crushing, satire was inspired by the proprietor of a shoe-shop, who, without thinking of what he was doing, sent in his little bill. One very hot summer he offered up a vow that he would revel in the warm heart-blood of the head cashier at the Westminster Bank. Yet this strange impulsive creature was dotingly attached to a white mouse and several spiders.

Another bard, whom I never wish to meet again, lived on boiled rice for so prolonged a period that his brain was ultimately affected, and he "cast away from his love" his own brother because he imprudently changed a sovereign in his presence. The poet insisted that it was a premeditated insult.

There are, alas! many, too many, excuses to be made for the poor poet, and let us be charitable and make them. Imagine, then, an imaginative creature, all soul, with a palpitating brain and senses

so acute that no luxury can be too delicate for their enjoyment, imagine such a high-minded prodigy gazing on fourpence and wondering where he shall dine. Perhaps one hour since he was describing the feast of Lucullus or sipping nectar on Olympus, and now he must fall back to reality and jingle his half pence for a meal. How is it possible for him to love his fellow-man carving, let us say, a duck, and perhaps not hungry—a low, vulgar monster who sips his choice claret with as dull a face as though he tipped table beer? Were it but the poor poet's lot to plunge the two-pronged fork into the plump breast of that well-browned bird, what bright fancies, what chaste conceits would have filled his mind whilst lifting the luscious slices to his plate! He would have written a poem in praise of that happy, tender duck. Each particular flavour would have been rewarded with a stanza. In gratitude for that great enjoyment he might have forgiven the world its persecutions. As for the wine, it would have lingered in his mouth as long as dear friends parting. Each drop would be forced to yield up its fragrance before the farewell swallow; and when the brain felt the gentle fillip of the grape-juice warming the cheeks and lighting up the eye, perhaps that poet, so bitter on fourpence, might have softened on Larose, and, holding the glass up to nature, he might have re-loved his fellow-man and pardoned him his neglect. But on fourpence! How can the big-brained man forgive the low wretch who wants not the duck, yet eats it—who knows not the delicate rapture of the claret, yet consumes it? Thus runs the law—the creature of high impulse and refined perceptions must feed his life with dry bread and yet dream of venison. His scanty dinner over, his stomach, as though insulted by such small supplies, feels like a yawning gulf into which one stone has fallen. As he goes his way he passes the houses of the rich and sniffs the perfume of a thousand dishes. Through the illumined windows he perceives the shadows of forms bending over their plates, he hears the clatter of knives—and anon the upraised elbow tells its tale. Everybody seems to live better than the poet, who better than all understands good living. A pastrycook, in calico cap and coat, balancing with dextrous grace the ice pudding congealed in cool green box, glides ghostlike down the area steps. Even to gaze on such a delicacy would cheer his drooping heart. The very servants, who cannot write, who cannot spell, and hate grammar, may touch that lovely dish; they may eat of the good things that come down from the rich man's table; but he of the lofty mind and giant genius must dine on fourpence! He shakes the dust from his feet, sighs, and rushes home to write another satire.

Many a time have I thought, earnestly, of getting up a charitable society for the purpose of humanising poets, through the medium of one plain joint, with bread and vegetables. The three or four philanthropists to whom I have spoken of my notion have fully appreciated the value of my idea and the truthfulness of my theory; but an insurmountable difficulty has ever checked the development of the scheme. If every poet is to be entitled to a dinner, we should require Westminster Hall for our eating-room. Poets would spring up on every side. It would be a glut, a deluge, of Anona and libids. Newgate market would scarcely suffice for our humanising larder, and Covent-garden, reduced to its last potato,

would offer to our poet an empty feast of bay-leaves. But suppose our poet should happen to receive an invitation! Oh! what glory to be invited to—let us say—Thurloe-square, to dine with his maternal aunt, recently arrived from India with her husband, a jovial Lieutenant-Colonel, formerly H.E.I.C., now in her Majesty's Army of India! Now has our poet brushed up his well-worn suit of black, rubbed with milk his one pair of patent leathers, and wondered whether his satin "vest" will look well enough for candlelight. He meets his aunt upon his entry. She embraces him before that gigantic footman, just now so clearly disposed, in his innermost heart, to ask him to "leave a card or message." He is seated at the right hand of the hostess; he is "My nephew, my dear! whose verses are really so clever!" He enjoyeth jullienne, turbot,

saddle of mutton, duck, pastry, and old stilton. He eclipseth Herr von Strumpff, of the long hair—a creature "all soul, my dear!" but shining not in conversation. Sherry, chablis, burgundy, hock, champagne, turns fill our poet's glass. The ladies rise and depart. Lieutenant-Colonel Host, gallantly holding the door and bowing solemnly as they pass the dining-room, makes facetious demonstrations of assailing his spouse behind her back as she majestically brings up the rear. Then follows confusion. Poet finds that his imagination appears to have suffered a collapse, listens in vainly to the old camp stories of his aunt's husband, wonders how such a fellow as Strumpff ever came to be invited, takes more port with his dessert, and, finally, is not sorry to hear the gigantic footman announce that coffee is ready up stairs, where, in less than half an hour afterwards, Strumpff plays his famous fantasias, to the delight of the ladies and the utter extinguishment of the poet, who, on his way home, laments the small opportunity afforded to genius, even in the highest social circles.



THE KING OF WIRTEMBERG.

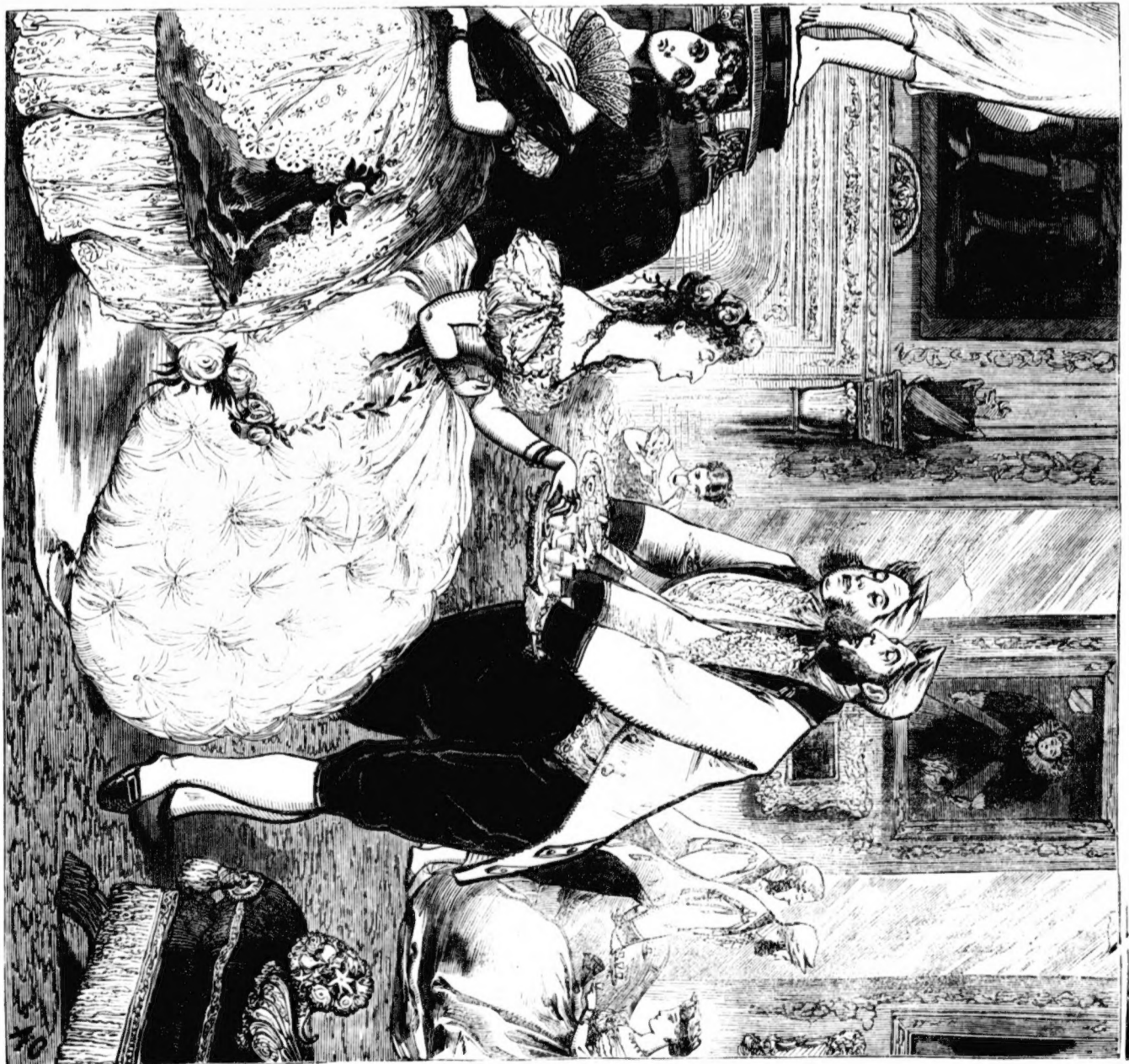
THE KING OF WIRTEMBERG.

ONLY two or three weeks ago, in writing of the city of Stuttgart, we referred to the numerous improvements in agriculture and the useful arts which had been introduced and encouraged by the King of Württemberg, who himself had set an example of unremitting attention to such pursuits. At the time that the article was written William lay ill, and a few days afterwards his son reigned in his stead. There was nothing startling in the King's death, for he had already far exceeded the average age of ordinary men, and still farther that of kings: indeed, he may be said to have been almost the only man in Europe who in his own life connected the past—which to the present generation is already a part of history—to the uncompleted developments of the present.

William Frederick Charles was the second King. Born in 1781, he was the oldest of the reigning European Sovereigns, and in September would have been eighty-three years of age. His father, Frederick Duke of Württemberg, was married to one of the favourites of Catherine of Russia; but, notwithstanding this connection, he supplied a contingent to the army of Napoleon in 1805, and was rewarded by him in the disposition of his conquests with an increase of territory, the dignity of Elector, and afterwards that of King, in 1806; yet in 1813 he fought against the Emperor at Leipsic; having before this time married the Princess Royal of England (daughter of George III.), his first wife being dead. The late King was a lad of sixteen when this second marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, at St. James's, and appears to have been so harshly treated at home by his father that his life was a troubled one at best. But soon he was sent to Paris to complete his education; and, as this was before 1812, and the newly-made King of Württemberg was subservient to the great Emperor, he had a wife found for him amongst the Princesses of Bavaria; but he had always disapproved of his father's subservience to France, and equally objected to an enforced espousal, which was, in fact, never fulfilled, and was ultimately abandoned by mutual consent. His sister, however, had become the bride of Jerome Bonaparte. Firm in his dislike to the French supremacy, Prince William held a command in the Austrian



OPENING OF THE SOLDIERS' INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT ALDERSHOT.



EIGHT P.M.: COFFEE

at the club-room, which has been tastefully decorated for the purpose, and the opening attracted a large and fashionable company as well from London as from the surrounding districts. The officers of the various regiments stationed at Aldershot have done everything they possibly could to promote the success of the undertaking, and have contributed a large number of valuable curiosities which they have brought home from distant parts of the world, and which form a most attractive feature. Among the articles exhibited are a superb summer dress, once belonging to the Chinese Commissioner Yeh, several fine Indian tapestries and Chinese drawings, a number of Oriental swords of all kinds, and one very interesting relic of our Indian wars, the remnants of the old colours of the 11st Regiment, presented at Meerut by Lady Amherst, and which were carried at the battles of Muzzeza, Tazeen, Jugdulluck, Cabul, Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Budwall, Alwal, and Sobroon, all of which were fought between 1842 and 1846. This relic is accompanied by a list of the names of twenty officers who died under the colours, or from

the effects of the wars in which they were carried. A large number of interesting curiosities from China and Ceylon are exhibited. There are in the industrial portion of the exhibition several splendid specimens of patchwork carpets made by the soldiers, and a very unique display of carved ivory of the most exquisite workmanship, by Lieutenant Wilkinson, which would do credit to the first ivory-turners of the metropolis. There is also a very ingenious machine for making lint on the field of battle, invented by Private Sotham. Altogether, there are between 700 and 800 articles exhibited by officers and men, and their families, connected with the regiments at Aldershot, and about 400 sent on loan. The exhibition has been daily visited by a crowd of elegantly-dressed ladies; and the gay uniforms of the officers, the bright colours of the ladies' dresses, and the brilliancy of the articles exhibited, all combine to give elegance to the scene.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THERE are already signs of the Opera season drawing to a close, and it appears likely enough that at both houses it will end brilliantly—unless, indeed, a dissolution of Parliament should suddenly drive too many of the frequenters into the country. In any case the music will be good, whatever the audiences may be like. Even if Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord" were not to be produced this season (as according to the advertisements it shortly will be) the charming "Elixir of Love," with Patti, Mario, Ronconi, and Fauré in the principal parts, ought to be sufficient to draw all who have ears to hear to the Royal Italian Opera. Indeed, whatever be the merits of Donizetti as compared with Meyerbeer, it seems to us that "The Elixir of Love" is Donizetti's masterpiece, whereas "L'Etoile du Nord" is certainly not the masterpiece of Meyerbeer.

At Her Majesty's Theatre Gounod's "Mirella" ("Miréille"), as we write, has just been produced. It is given in place of "Tannhauser," and will, no doubt, attract good audiences until the end of the season—whereas "Tannhauser" would scarcely have had a "run" of three nights.

The end of the affecting story of Mdle. Lucca, her persecution in London for political reasons, her detention at the theatre through the numerous demands made upon her for encores until so late an hour that she sometimes did not reach her home until four in the morning—the end of all this is, or is to be, that Mdle. Lucca will return to London next season, and give an extra number of performances to compensate for those of which we were deprived this season by her too hasty departure. She does not stipulate for the resignation of Earl Russell, nor, indeed, make any condition at all. Whatever her opinion may be on the subject of the Treaty of 1852, and its observance or non-observance by her Prussian friends, she is ready, for her part, to fulfil to the best of her power the treaty obligations that she has contracted with Mr. Gye. That is all that can be expected from her—unless, indeed, she should think fit to instruct the ill-mannered, ill-informed journalists of Berlin as to the true and very simple cause of her recent flight from London. Indisposition, a great desire for change of air, and perhaps a slight amount of caprice, will sufficiently account for it, without its being necessary to drag in absurd political motives or ridiculous calumnies on the English public. The English public would listen to Bismarck himself if Bismarck were a tenor and knew how to sing anything like so well as he does to intrigue; and it never could have occurred to it to trouble itself one way or the other as to the political opinions of Mdle. Lucca. If, however, Mdle. Lucca is such a devoted Prussian she might, out of regard to Prussia's great patron and ally, have stopped in London to play the part of the Russian Czarina in Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord." This would have been a graceful compliment, and no doubt Bismarck would have appreciated it.

We hope we shall hear no more of singers indulging in political feeling, or it may be difficult to get such operas as "Masaniello" and "William Tell" played at all. Political persons, by-the-way, are not always politic, and it would have been just as well for Mdle. Lucca if she had remained in London to prevent the part of Margherita falling into the hands of Mdle. Patti. We are here reminded that some sagacious Berlin journalist has discovered the assumption of that character by Mdle. Patti to have been one of the reasons for Mdle. Lucca's hasty and mysterious disappearance. She happens, however, to have disappeared before Mdle. Patti ever assumed the part. This confusion of cause and consequence is very characteristic of the German mind just now.

At the Monday Popular Concerts there is so little national jealousy that Germans and Italians, Poles and Russians, have often been heard there together without the slightest bad result. The Russian Rubinstein never seemed to oppress the Pole Wieniawski; nor did Wieniawski rebel against Rubinstein. At the last of these entertainments (given for the benefit of the director, Mr. Arthur Chappell), a Pole (Wieniawski), a Hungarian (Joachim), an Italian (Piatini), a German (Hallé), and an English lady (Mdme. Arabella Goddard) joined in various combinations, and executed, in the most harmonious manner, duets, trios, and quartets. Apart from its ethnological character, this concert was one of the most interesting ever heard. Joachim and Wieniawski played a duet by Spohr (which was enthusiastically applauded and had to be repeated). In a trio by Beethoven Wieniawski led and Joachim took the second part. Then the Kreutzer sonata was played by Mdme. Arabella Goddard and M. Joachim, and a sonata of Schubert's by Mr. Hallé and M. Wieniawski. Mdme. Goddard, moreover, performed, for the first time, a selection from a series of seven pieces by Mendelssohn, to whose style as a composer her style as an executant bears so remarkable an affinity. Mr. Hallé gave us two short pieces by Heller and Chopin; Mr. Sims Reeves sang the favourite hunting-song by Mendelssohn with admirable effect; Miss Banks, of the pure voice, sang the charming canzonet by Dussek, well known to the frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts; and even now we have omitted to mention a quartet by Mozart (with which the concert commenced), and an air from Handel's "Jephtha," sung to perfection by Mr. Sims Reeves.

ALLEGED NEW HOLY ALLIANCE.—Some days since the *Morning Post* published a series of despatches alleged to have been exchanged by the Ministers of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and which contained the basis of an alliance of these Powers, whereby they were respectively to guarantee to each other their several possessions against all attacks, from whatever source arising. The proposal was alleged to have emanated from Prussia, and to have been, in effect, accepted by the other two Powers. The authenticity of these documents has been denied by both Austria and Prussia, who declare them to be entire fabrications. The *Morning Post*, however, persists in maintaining that they are genuine; and has supplemented the first batch by further papers on the same subject.

THE FIRST TURNPIKE.—Exactly five hundred years have elapsed since a hermit, weary of the labour of having nothing to do, and tired of sitting the dull day through, by the side of the stone which supported the sundial in front of St. Anthony's Chapel, on Higgate-hill—that stone which subsequently became known as Whittington's—resolved to mend the ways between the summit of the hill and the low part of the vale ending in Islington. This hermit was a man of some means, and he devoted them to bringing gravel from the top of the hill and laying it all along the uneven track which then, as now, bore the name of "Hollow Way." By digging out gravel he gave a pond to the folk on the hill, where it was greatly needed, and he contributed cleanliness and security to the vale, where neither had hitherto been known. Travellers blessed the hermit who had turned constructor of highways; the pilgrims to St. Anthony's found their access to the shrine of the saint made easy and pleasant by him; and as for the beneficent hermit himself, his only regret was that, in accomplishing this meritorious act for the good of his fellow-men, he had entirely exhausted all his fortune. The King, however, came to the rescue. He set up a toll-bar, and published a decree addressed to "our well-beloved William Philippe, the hermit," that he and the public might know wherefore. The King declared that he highly appreciated the motive which had induced the hermit to benefit "our people passing through the highway between Heggate and Smethfelde, in many places notoriously miry and deep." And in order that the new way might be maintained and kept in repair, the King licensed the hermit to take toll, and keep the road in order, and himself in comfort and dignity. This was the first road bar erected in England, and William Philippe, the hermit, was the father of that race of turnpike-keepers whose sovereignty of the roads, within fifty miles of London, came to an end, after a reign of five centuries, on the first day of the month of July of this present year, 1864.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Literature.

The Schleswig-Holstein War. By EDWARD DICEY, Author of "Rome in 1860," &c. 2 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

As special correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Dickey left England for the seat of war as soon as news reached us that the first shot had been fired. From the beginning of February to the middle of May he sojourned amongst the Danes, wherever the fire was hottest; and frequently had to post his "copy" with a grim idea that it might probably be his last. Under such circumstances, an author must be pardoned for not being over-fastidious about round-his periods and putting flourishes in his rhetoric. There is no time for recollecting charms of style—no time for the imagination to play tricks with the truth of what is going on and what is being described. And so we may, with safety, believe in all that a correspondent actually sees, and may place reasonable reliance on very much of what he hears. As to the hastiness of style, more than one famous writer—Addison and Macaulay are amongst the number—have gravely recommended young writers, whenever they have written a passage particularly "fine," to cut it out. It will readily be understood, for the reasons given above, that Mr. Dickey can have had no occasion to practise the eliminating process. So far from that, he has had the advantage of opportunity to revise and perfect at leisure the material he gathered abroad. He has thought it best to leave his letters to the *Daily Telegraph* much as he originally wrote them, and has only omitted such passages as had temporary interest only. Necessarily, therefore, the book is extremely discursive, and has about it but little of the symmetrical order of older history; but, on the other hand, it has that valuable charm of authenticity and vitality which the all-powerful "I" alone can furnish.

English readers will respect Mr. Dickey's book more than they may be pleased with it. It cannot be denied that for six months at least we have suffered ourselves to be ruled by enthusiasm and prejudice, mainly founded on ignorance. Everybody has been full of sympathy for the Danes, and, so far as it is possible to be twice filled at the same time, full of something like hatred of the Germans. Mr. Dickey says:—"I know that there is much in these letters with which both Danes and Germans will disagree. I can only say that I sought to write the truth, as I saw it. As far as intention goes, I have done justice to what little amount of reason and fairness there was on the side of the Danes, while I have also appreciated at its full value the gallantry and honesty shown by their opponents in that too unequal struggle." If ever anything sounded "un-English," those words do so; although what "English" may precisely be is difficult to lay down, despite the thousand and one things daily said to be not it, and which must tend materially to narrow the choice of what it may be. But we may assume Englishism to mean something like downright truth and honour, and surely we have all along been insisting that the Danes have fairness, and justice, and weakness on their side, and their opponents nothing but falseness, treachery, and brute force. And yet Mr. Dickey has the confidence to talk about the "little amount of reason and fairness" on the beloved side, and the "gallantry and honesty" displayed by the unpopular party; and yet will readers be very apt to agree in the main with Mr. Dickey. The hot-headed and good-hearted partisans of Denmark, in all probability, know little or nothing of the Dano-German question. The Germans have long since been unpopular in this country, for reasons which everybody knows; and rash enthusiasts immediately become the admirers of anything which happens to be antagonistic to Germans. But that the Germans have made the Danes antagonistic nobody could pretend to deny. The whole question is one of succession and nationality, and should be looked at calmly and dispassionately; and people should remember that it is utterly apart from the propositions of Mr. Disraeli and Lord Malmesbury, which are that her Majesty's Ministers have lowered the moral influence of England in the Councils of Europe, and so materially abridged the chances of peace. Mr. Dickey devotes a few pages to a sketch of the Denmark family, which we shall not attempt to follow, merely explaining that in one place the whole affair becomes hopelessly entangled, that it extricates itself, and, finally, within the last year, becomes a question of salic law. Except by treaty or purchase, or by any right save that of birth, the present King of Denmark has no more claim to the dukedom of Holstein (nobody knows anything about Schleswig!) than Queen Victoria has to the throne of Hanover. Readers may easily pursue the analogy for themselves, and, for the present at least, we must leave the sword to decide how far the Treaty of 1852 and the purchase of Holstein by the late King of Denmark will be made binding on the "gallantry and honesty" of the German Powers. For ourselves, we can only say that, putting the treaty aside, there is no doubt whatever that "somebody had the money." Mr. Dickey's carefully written historic pages will clear off many cobwebs afflicting the eyes of amateur politicians; and to describe them fairly here would be to quote every line. The real business of the book is war.

When our "own correspondent" reached a country which many Englishmen call Danish, he was surprised to find it German. Holstein is purely, and the southern portion of Schleswig almost entirely, so. Names and language prove it, and "the houses which remain undecorated with the Schleswig-Holstein flag have almost all of them names of Danish origin over their shop-windows." Portraits of the Duke, not the King, were as common everywhere as busts of Napoleon III. in a French camp. "My landlady, when asked to purchase a portrait of the Duke, replied, with patriotic pride, that she had had one hung up in her cellar for the last six weeks." These facts are grave, especially so in connection with the facts that Schleswigers and Holsteiners have ever enjoyed—perhaps without exercising it—the right of choosing their own Duke, and that they were never consulted about the change of succession involved in the Treaty of 1852. Mr. Dickey is very firm on these points at the commencement of the first volume; but by page 155 he materially qualifies his firmness. "Danish officials," he describes as declaring the Danish rule over the duchies as perfectly just, honourable, and temperate, and alleging that the population were only led by professional grievance-mongers to imagine that it was not so. Here are the following words:—

Or, in fact, to put the case more tersely, no adequate reason can, in their opinion, be alleged why Denmark deserves to be deprived of possessions which are her own by right and law. Now, I have no doubt of the sincerity with which these assertions are made. I am not given to take an unduly favourable view of the average truthfulness of mankind; but I can truly say that I have seldom met in any class so many men who impressed me with a strong conviction of their kindness, honesty, and uprightness as amongst the Danish officers and gentlemen with whom my lot is thrown at present; and, in a great measure, I believe that their statement is true in fact as well as in intention.

If the statement be true in fact the preliminary chapter falls to the ground.

As the progress of the war is familiar to most readers, and Mr. Dickey's contribution to its literature has already enjoyed a large popularity, it is unnecessary here to go over the ground again. Indeed, to go over "the ground" means neither more nor less than to give a record of eternal shell-firing. The heights, so called, of Düppel must look like iron hills, and Sonderburg will long lie in ruins. By-the-way, apropos of that shameful bombardment, where no notice was given to non-combatants, to women, or children, the picture of a literary gentleman under fire is exceedingly amusing and philosophic:—

At Gaeta, where my lot was thrown with the bombardiers, it was impossible to avoid a feeling of satisfaction whenever a shot told, and I could see by the smoke rising from the fortress that some damage had been done. This feeling was not due to sympathy with one side in the conflict, but to a sort of abstract sentiment of fitness in a shot performing the object of its mission. Here my instinct is of an entirely opposite character. Every time a shell misses or explodes in the air I experience a feeling of relief; and this, I am afraid, is due not so much to my good wishes for the Danes as to the instinct of self-preservation. Though I am only a lodger, yet the destruction of the house I am dwelling in cannot be a matter of personal indifference. After all, I am one of the people who are being fired at, and the mere reflection that the billet which every ball is said to have may, by some remote

possibility, be destined to be found in a portion of my own person is quite sufficient to give me a prejudice in favour of the failure of the shells whose course I sit and watch. I have no wish to exaggerate the dangers of my position, and I admit candidly that the risk I am exposed to is probably not greater than any one of my readers is subject to any time he enters a railway carriage. But yet I perceive that the simple ingredient of danger gives a kind of bias to my mind which it is impossible to overcome. I mention this only because I suppose my own state of feeling is a fair sample of the average sentiments entertained by those in the same position as myself.

It is said that the Danes became accustomed to this, and cared about it no more than the proverbial eel for the skinning. But in time every soul was turned adrift, defenceless and ruined, and Mr. Dickey's solitary shirt was a month unwashed, and his boots, coat, &c., were torn to pieces. To keep up an incessant fire on the town and the batteries, a dropping fire which can have most annoying results, but no final results such as a storming column might effect, may be in accordance with the laws of war, as Mr. Dickey maintains; but it cannot be in accordance with the laws of "gallantry and honour." It is wickedness and cruelty—and it is cowardice. But enough. With one anecdote the war shall rest, as far as these volumes are concerned. Here are two Prussian deserters:—

The men were both half drunk, and the only reason they assigned for their desertion was a reluctance to kill their fellow-men. One of them hiccuped out his view of the question with a comic gravity in words which I give as nearly as they will bear translation. "I was born, you know, without Schleswig-Holstein; I have lived without Schleswig-Holstein; and may the d— take me if I see why I should die for Schleswig-Holstein." Whether from ignorance, or from some faint remnant of honour, these two scampish philosophers professed themselves unable to give any information about the movements or numbers of the Prussian army. "Nobody ever tells us poor devils anything," was the answer they gave to every question.

From the camp to the drawing-room will be found a pleasant step, when taken in company with a sensible English gentleman who is not addicted to shutting his eyes when looking at interesting things. Much has been heard of the Danish men of late, and here is that without which no information can be perfect—something about the Danish ladies:—

Family life in Denmark is, to a casual visitor like myself, singularly easy of access; everything is so simple, and everybody is so kindly-hearted. In this, as in almost every house of well-to-do persons which it has been my good fortune to enter, there was not a lady of the family who did not speak English more or less, and German, and who could not play on the piano with some artistic skill, in so far as I am capable of judging. The Danish ladies, I should say, are not strong-minded, and have certainly no idea of the rights of women. It is curious, and at first rather startling to an Englishman, to find that the young ladies, who have been playing and talking to you before supper about Bulwer, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and the Princess Alexandra—a never failing topic of conversation—carry round the cups and change the plates; and, in fact, wait upon you instead of servants. I have no doubt they cook the dinner themselves, and mend the snow-white table-linen. Then, when the meals are over—how the women get fed is a mystery to me—they come back into the drawing-room and resume their conversation with perfect equanimity. I do not know that I should like to live in the country in Denmark. I think it possible I might get tired of whist at farthing points; of eating brown bread and butter morning, noon, and evening; of going to bed at ten and rising at seven. But still the ordinary existence here is singularly easy and unpretending. And even in the throbs of a struggle for national being, the placidity of the current of daily life scarcely seems ruffled.

Here these volumes may be left to the reader. They are full of the most important and interesting intelligence of the present day, and are readable in every line. Mr. Dickey resumed his position of war correspondent as soon as the armistice was concluded.

Stansfield: a Tragedy. By SAMUEL DRAKE. Roberts.

The general reader, who does not mind his spelling, will probably suppose that this is a drama in which Signor Mazzini assassinates the hon. member for Halifax, whose name, however, is Stansfield, without the i. The book is, in fact, not a tragedy at all—it is a sanguinary farce, in four acts, inscribed to the memory of Shakespeare. We happened to open it at the last page of the print. The hero stabs himself, and the curtain falls. But the next page goes sheer off into music—without heading, or warning of any kind—full vocal score, with organ accompaniment, to the words, "We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." At first we thought some music had got bound up with the sanguinary farce by mistake, but at the end of one of the scenes found a stage direction which explained the thing. A couple go into church—music is heard—and—"for music see end of fourth act."

This is a splendid innovation, which we leave to speak for itself; simply informing Mr. Roberts that we like his notions of an anthem better than his notions of a tragedy. Next time let him give us the music in bulk, and say, "for tragedy see end of anthem." He can then dispose of his little dramatic affairs in a page or two.

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The Eve of St. Mark. By T. DOUBLEDAY. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Messrs. Smith and Elder's Shilling Series of Standard Authors have some good and distinctive features. As they are all "new editions" it necessarily follows that they already bear some of the world's good opinion, and now are bent on extending it. They are well printed, in good-sized type, on good paper, and are not too long to be got through in a railway journey of two or three hours. The present half-dozen additions well maintain the reputation of the series. "The Cotton Lord" is a remarkably well-told story, full of beauty and truth to nature, and having occasional passages which fairly recall memories of "Mary Barton." The author of "Charles Auchester" began with "a musical novel;" and in "My First Season" we find that he has worked his way down to discord pitch. A more unpleasant young lady than Miss Beatrice Reynolds, the heroine, it would be impossible to find; and, in all probability, her last season would give heartier satisfaction than her first. Why will she persistently make out everybody with so much as a ha'porth of title to be either dunce, fool, or blackguard? Of the strange adventures of "Adrian L'Estrange" we have recently spoken; and the remaining love-tales and romances shall be suffered to speak for themselves.

A NEW YORK PAPER recently had the following:—"Young girl wanted by J. Jones." Next morning he found at his door a large basket carefully covered with a shawl, containing a plump and healthy baby of the feminine gender, around whose neck was a ribbon, with the following letter of introduction:—"Mr. Jones,—You advertise in this week's paper that you wanted a young girl. I hope the article I send will meet your requirements. I could have sent her to you still younger if your advertisement had appeared before, but she is only a week old. I hope her age will be no objection. I have no younger one at present."

CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The iron framework of this magnificent structure now spans the Avon, and unites the counties of Gloucester and Somerset. The last of the cross-girders was fixed on Saturday, and completed the connection from pier to pier. Of these cross-girders there are eighty, weighing about a ton each; they are bolted underneath, and project 6 ft. from the sides of the longitudinal girders, and on these projections two footways of 5 ft. in width each will be formed. At about half-past three on Saturday afternoon the first passage of the bridge was made by a small party, consisting of Captain and Mrs. Egerton, Mr. A. J. Knapp, the Rev. H. R. Bailey, of Limerick; Mr. R. Coles, Mr. O. Bligh; Mr. Airey, resident engineer, &c. The "traveller" in which the party was conveyed was gaily decked with evergreens. On reaching the centre hearty cheers were given for the Queen, the bridge Mrs. Egerton, Mr. Knapp, and Mr. Airey. At this time a large steamer passed underneath, and the cheers were sent back from the passengers. The river was also full of shipping, and from those on board, as well as from the numerous spectators on the Downs and on the banks of the Avon, there were loud acclamations. On reaching the Leigh side the party were welcomed by some members of the Smyth family, and, after a brief interchange of mutual congratulations, retreated to Clifton. During Saturday and Sunday the number of visitors to the Downs and other places commanding a view of the bridge was immense. The next task will be to lay down the woodwork for the permanent way, and progress will then be made with the parapet for the footpath.

ALEXANDRA PARK.—GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.
THE FORESTERS' GRAND FETE, MONDAY, JULY 11.
Admission, One Shilling; Children, Sixpence.

ALEXANDRA PARK, Wood-green, GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.
GRAND FAIR will be held in the Alexandra Park, Wood-green (Great Northern Railway), and remain open until the 1st of September. Fifty Shops, of an extremely attractive kind, have been constructed in Paris by the Compagnie des Chemins de Fer du Nord, for the purpose of the Fair. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Shops space will be let for amusements of all kinds.
Applications for space to be made immediately to the General Manager, at the Company's Office, 419, Strand, where a model shop can be seen and the terms of rent ascertained.

ALEXANDRA PARK, Wood-green, GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.
Clergymen and Teachers are requested to communicate with the General Manager for Terms for the ADMISSION OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS to the Alexandra Park.

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PICNIC and PLEASURE PARTIES will find the beautiful grounds of the Grove a most delightful place. The Restaurant is now open.

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May be visited in Twenty Minutes from the Metropolitan Station, Farringdon-street; and in Fifteen Minutes from the Great Northern Station, King's-cross.

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London: W. H. ALLEN and Co., 13, Waterloo-place, S.W.

Ninth Edition, price 1s., by post 1s. stamps.
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